The New-Yorker.

BY H. GREELEY & CO. OFFICE 127 NASSAU-STREET. FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. IV. NO. 12. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9, 1837. WHOLE NO. 90.

For the New-Yorker.

THE GIFTED DEAD.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS FLORINDA RANDALL.

'Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep;
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!
Where could'st thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye!'

Give tribute to the gifted dead!
Bring flowers—bring fresh green flowers;
Gather them from the rose's bed,
For they breathe of the sunny hours:
Bind on her brow a radiant wreath!
Bring violets sweet and lowly,
Myrtles which send a perfumed breath,
And passion-flowers holy:
Make ye her tomb a verdant shrine,
Whereon the gem-like wealth of flowers shall shine.

Give tribute to the gifted dead!
Bring songs—bring lovely songs,
And twine the laurel o'er her head
That to the lyre belongs:
Send ye forth sounds of harp and flute,
With young sweet voices blending,
Odors and hues from flower-crown'd lute,
Rich incense upward sending.
Make ye her grave a glorious shrine,
Where songs and flowers shall ever twine.

Give tribute to the gifted dead!
Bring tears—bring sorrowing tears,
Like summer rain to bathe the bed
Of her, the young in years:
Bring all things—meteors from the sky,
Bring gifts from ocean bowers—
From earth bring gems that never die—
Bring songs, and tears, and flowers.
Make ye her grave a living shrine,
Whereon to lay all offerings divine. STELLA.

OUR TABLE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for December opens with No. IV. of "American Antiquities," which we shall not copy, because it has little or nothing to do with 'American Antiquities,' but is wholly given up to a captious and unsatisfactory discussion of the probable origin of the first inhabitants of this Continent.—The writer seems bent on establishing a Pre-Adamite or at least an independent origin for the primitive Aborigines of this country. We may hereafter copy the concluding portion of his essay.

"Nurseries of American Freemen" is the text of a very judicious paper on Schools and School-Books. The multiplicity and discordance of books for primary instruction have become crying evils, aside from the stupidity of many of them. This paper may be read with profit by those who have the direction of Schools.

"The Poor Relation" is a clever story—the old one of a lost brother returning to his relatives in (assumed) distress, and finding Good Samaritans rather scarce among them.

"Ollapod" is droll, humorous and clever this month, as he ever is. The writer dishes up nothings with the best possible grace; and might give a lesson in that department to a French Professor of Gastronomy. In the telling of stories he excels; and a new edition of Joe Miller, modernized by Ollapod, would be worth a mint-drop, if there be any such article now-a-days.

"Wilson Conworth"—a series of rambling, exciting adventures—is continued with much vigor. The Sketches of a Traveller in Europe are brought to a close in this number.—The poetry in general does no credit to the work—but who can write poetry in November?

The Editorial portion of the Knickerbocker is this month by far the best. 'Ernest Maltravers,' 'Davis's Life of Burr,' Mr. Dewey's Address, and Lockhart's Life of Walter Scott, are reviewed in the spirit of kindliness and appreciation which characterizes the criticisms of this work, and of which the paper on the Letters and Life of Charles Lamb (which we have mainly copied) affords a good example. Altogether, this No. of the Knickerbocker, though not a great is a very agreeable one; and the publishers may enter upon a new volume and a new year with the feeling that, however they may or may not command success, they have thus far done much to deserve it.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY for December discusses certain political topics with great clearness and cogency. The proposition of a National Bankrupt Law (in the last President's Message) is critically examined, and its dangerous tendencies, should its scope be extended to corporations, are forcibly demonstrated. We are friendly to a General Bankrupt Law, but a law which should render it imperative on the Federal Government to crush the Banks of any State which should become involved in embarrassments, would add alarmingly to the preponderance of Federal power. Mr. Van Buren's own argument in the Senate of 1827 against the measure proposed in his Message of 1837 seems well nigh conclusive.

The "Usury Laws" form the burden of another disquisition. We are far less satisfied with this paper. Hostility to Usury Laws is the drift of the writer, but he manages to talk a great deal of sense notwithstanding. In saying, however, that nobody defends Usury Laws in conversation, he makes himself ridiculous. We do not defend the conduct of any man who pleads usury in bar of an honest debt, neither would we if he should plead the baby act, or minority; but the law in either case is just and right, though knaves may use it for base purposes. The object of Usury Laws is the prevention of excessive interest; and we are willing to maintain any where that this prevention is just and necessary. The pretence that money would be cheaper if there were no Usury Laws is contradicted by every page of the world's history which bears upon it. At this moment, of fifty millions loaned in our city the average rate is not more than seven and a half per cent.—take off the Usury Laws, and we believe the average would exceed twelve per cent. Beside, loans would no longer be made principally to those who could give the best security, but to those who would promise the highest rate of interest. In every view, we believe the repeal of the Usury Laws would prove disastrous.

The principal Literary papers of the Monthly are 'The Prince's Probation, a Tale of the German Sovereignties,' by John Inman—very racy and spirited; 'Sketches of Paris—the Chambers of Peers and of Deputies'—graphic and interesting; 'The Gold Hunter, a Tale of Massachusetts'—the subject trite, but well delineated; and 'Martha Gardner,' a local story in which we find little to interest. The verse of this number is rather middling, as verse is apt to be about these days.

In the department of "Critical Notices," the Editor inclines to the savage. His instrument of dissection is the scalping-knife. 'Ernest Maltravers' is analyzed with great severity—though we apprehend with much justice, and a certain young lady who subscribes herself Isabel, authoress of 'Pelayo,' and just now of 'Reviewers Reviewed,' is allowed to crucify herself in thirty lines of quotation from her scorching satire. All the ungallant Editor can say in disparagement of her genius is as nothing to this. But the 'great feature' of the number is a review of the recently published 'History of the English Language and Literature'—the author and American Editor of which are absolutely flayed alive. We have quoted at large from this article in another portion of this sheet, and the reader who relishes amusement of this sort will be richly repaid in its perusal.

The American Monthly, we believe, closes its eighth semi-annual volume with this number. It will appear with the new year in entire new type, and with such other improvements as experience and taste may suggest.

POEMS, BY J. G. WHITTIER.—A little volume of "Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States, between the years 1830 and '38," has been placed on our table. Our high opinion of Mr. Whittier's poetical talents is well known, but we are better pleased when he exerts them upon other topics than the polemics of the day. We feel a regret at seeing any thing from his pen which we cannot transfer to our columns, yet nine-tenths of this volume would be highly offensive to a large proportion of our readers. It would be vain, however, to deny the rare ability which is every where indicated in these pages. If it be indeed true that the makers of ballads exercise more influence over the public mind than the makers of laws, then is this little volume among the most potent Abolition missives ever given to the public. But no more of this. We recognize in this volume sundry favorites of our earlier days—poems older than the Abolition matter, and far better calculated to win the general ear. Of these, we quote—and we rejoice in an opportunity of so doing—

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

'The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—inestimable jewels, which they would show, if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy.'—*See Reiner ut Sacchi's Book, A. D.* 1258.

'Oh, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which Beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant
light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—will my gentle lady buy?'

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls [pearls;
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned
away; [stay."
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—'My gentle lady,

'Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings [kings;
Than the diamond-flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!'

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen, [pearls between;
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old! [thy gold.'
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
Unclasped with gold or diamond gem, from his folding robe he took:
'Here lady fair is the pearl of price—May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—*for the word of God is free!*'

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the grey old halls where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales, by lordly feet untrod, [God!
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of

For the New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS OF TRAVEL.—No. XIII.

MUSICIANS IN LONDON—PAGANINI AND OLE BULL.

PAGANINI is a genius—but his *diablerie* has proved his better genius. Paganini is a brilliant violinist—but the form and features of his cousin-german Mephistopheles, the deep, searching eye, demoniacal smile and attenuated limbs, the savage *brusquerie* of manner, and the insatiable avarice of this one-stringed prodigy, have reared for him a more eminent celebrity even than the entrancing harmony of the idol he worships.

Ole Bull is a genius—but as the characteristics of genius ever develop themselves through diverse vehicles, his attributes of disposition and personal appearance present him as a perfectly antipodal creation contrasted with Paganini. Old Bull, the ladies say, is a handsome man.* His Swedish origin appears in the distinctive fair complexion and light hair of Northern Europe, and the smile that dwells upon his

[* The fine portrait kindly sent us with this article by our friend abundantly vindicates the taste of the ladies in this matter.—*Ed.*]

lips is only rivalled in its sweetness by as amiable and generous a nature as adorns our humanity.

Paganini is the inspired demon. As if an Orestes, beset by the whips and scorns of tormenting furies, he seems to seize his violin to dispel, in its intense discourse, the phantoms of a restless and morbid mind. His soul apparently gathers magnitude with progress, and gives expansion to his ungainly form; his eyes shoot forth sparkling and malignant gleams; his long, grey and curled locks hang wildly around his strange visage; and a ghastly smile moves in unison with distorted attitudes that imagination might transfer to denizens of the nether world. For a moment, listen. A heavenly harmony swells forth, to surprise—to captivate. The dream's illusion must cease ere the wary sceptic prates of jugglery, or the stern critic questions the soundness of a judgement that decrees it to be the prouder development of a science.

Perchance the almost fabulous history of Paganini has contributed to exaggerate his appearance in the mind's eye; and his presence becomes associated with murder, incarceration in dank and gloomy cells, and communion with the Evil Spirit to whom he is said so closely to assimilate, and, as one, from whom all his startling greatness has emanated. If he has not the reputation of a prodigy in virtue, he has a sufficiency of its opposite to elevate him to a juxtaposition with the chief of Byron's vampyres. The anecdote is not obsolete of a gentleman, who, while traversing the Boulevard de Capucines, in Paris, found his course obstructed by a large crowd collected before one of the shops of that district. In answer to his inquiry as to the cause, a dark-eyed, red-cheeked grisette, in the full flood of French animation, her face wrought up with a becoming theatrical expression of horror, pointed to the redoubtable Paganini, exclaiming—"*C'est un homme qui a tuè sa femme et mangè ses enfans!*" Popular rumor, which ever accumulates by progress, has not been inactive in thus conferring such enviable qualifications for notoriety upon the fated minstrel—such illustrious distinctions as the 'wife-murderer' and 'cannibal!' Yet Paganini is a rare philosopher; his diabolical smile continues—his music improves—his coffers are fuller.

Ole Bull waves no *drapeau* of eccentricity. He is neither 'lord of the lion heart and eagle eye' to remain unmoved amid the commotions of the multitude, or to confront the earnest gaze of his auditory with intrepid looks. He is the child of sensibility; and the startled fawn could scarcely exceed the tremulous movements of the artist, who, for an instant, almost unconsciously strikes his violin to create the fountain of his inspiration, which alone sustains him—alone exalts him—alone reflects itself in the melody that thrills, delights, and lingers on the ear as a sweet dream of imagination. Apropos of his sensitiveness:

Dining with a musical and social *clique* a few evenings since, the sparkling goblet circulated 'right merrilye,' the mirth of anecdote and the joyous gleams of wit prefaced our feelings for the higher tones of pleasure. Thalberg caught up a violin of venerable days—whose notes wore all the mellowness of time—and yet could waken the springs of excitement into full and fervent action. The sounds fell like the lightning's glance upon Ole Bull, who kindled with the enthusiast's fire, and burned to

'Strike the chords with louder swell.'

"Capt. G——, how did you fancy this *adagio* when Paganini was among us?" said Thalberg, as he restrained his bow from the execution of one of the favorite pieces of the Italian. "This Stainer, that Viotti once fingered, has a superb tone. Think you that Ole Bull can compell it to speak with the distinctness and fullness of the grand *maestro?*"

"Faith," responded the Captain, "Bull may not *roar* as he will, but, among his friends, he will never allow the spirit of the North to yield in skill or courtesy to the more pretending South. Eh, Bull?"

The *ruse* was perfectly delightful. The countryman of the Twelfth Charles was now no less ambitious to enter the lists of rival minstrelsy, than that reckless monarch was ever eager to contend for the mastery of Europe amid the clang of arms and terrors of the battle-field. A deep blush suffused the cheeks of the Swede; the consciousness of genius, blended with an ardent desire to gratify his friends, triumphed over the counterpoising influences of timidity and diffidence; a violin, which was a revered memorial of one of the old masters, began to echo to his touch, still trembling, and—

At that moment the withdrawing-room was partly thrown open, and its suddenly extinguished lights left a sombre background, from which peered in beauty and loveliness the partner of the violinist's hopes and joys. The rich blood that mantled in her veins was proud Castilian; nor dark-haired beauty of Spain could exult in a brighter, blacker eye, that had a glance armed to win a tribute from Newstead's poet—

"Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, then through its soft disguise
Flashed an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either."

Its glance would have proved a talisman, even had not her voice appealed in liquid French—'Ole Bull! n'*oubliez pas vos amis.*'

In another moment the agitated, excited violinist was in an adjoining apartment communing with darkness and his violin. Unconstrained by aught that could control, he reveled, as it were, in solitude. All was hushed breathlessly, as fantasy followed fantasy rich, rapid and interminably varied. The conceits of Paginini—whether the pleasing *pezzicato*, the admirable *stoccato*, or the *chef d'ouvre* of that artists genius and industry, the astonishing voice of the *one* string—all seemed to be reproduced by the veritable Italian. Again, and Ole Bull, in the spirit of his own conception, swept over the *four* strings, continuously, in a favorite *adagio pathetica*. Four distinct violins or an orchestral accompaniment could scarcely have excelled the illusion which the triumph of art and a single genius so beautifully, so enchantingly achieved. Again—but too much minuteness is tedious.

There was music—pure music—gay and sad, gentle and bold—even as poesy hath it—

"Sudden came floating through the hall an air
So strangely sweet, the o'erwrought sense scarce felt
Its rich excess of pleasure; softer sounds
Melt never on the enchanted midnight cool,
By haunted spring, when elfin dancers trace
Green circlets on the moonlight dews; nor lull
Becalmed mariner from rocks, when bask
At summer noon the sea-maid; he his oar
Breathless suspends, and motionless his bark
Rests on the sleeping waters. Now the notes
So gently died away, the silence seemed
Melodious; merry now and light and blithe
They danced in air:—
Then the pomp of sound
Swelled up, and mounted."

The violinist emerged from his retreat. His face was pale, his frame was alive with emotion, and tear-drops had coursed over his pallid cheeks. Ole Bull appeared, indeed, a sensitive plant of the human family!

Within the past fortnight Ole Bull gave a grand concert at the King's Theatre. The fashionable and gay of the great Metropolis were thronged there, sparkling in diamonds and costly array, yet not more radiant than many an eye that lighted up the face of beauty.

Pasta, the once inimitable mistress of song, the once divine Pasta, was there. She had retired to recreate on the affluent results of former days, to court pleasure in

"the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, or Nature can decree."

to wear the wreath of her fair fame unchanged amid the verdant groves and smiling lawns, where the minstrels of Milan worshipped the 'Queen of Song' in moonlight serenades from the bosom of the mirrored Como. Pasta witnessed the vicissitudes of life—left the Elysium her retirement had created—and again challenged the judgement of the musical world. The Napoleon of Cantatrices came fearlessly forward to claim her ancient laurels—yet impassioned, genius-gifted Malibran—silver-toned Grisi—energetic Schroeder-Devrient gentle Saccani—and fascinating Caradori Allan, had illuminated the dark void which followed when Pasta's sun refused its light.

Pasta renewed her debut—the house rang with a long, loud and hearty welcome, the echo of her age of glory. A voice powerful, cultivated and sweet floated to the plafond—a voice that Bellini would have delighted to honor with the choicest morceau of his genius. It ceased—the response of the audience was like the 'roar of many waters.'

"*C'est charmant! c'est à merveille!*" exclaimed a withered Francais gathered into an agony of attitudes and ecstacies. "*C'est divine!* It is de grand Pasta for ever!"

"Bravo! Bravo!" growled a stern German amateur; and his tongue rolled forth the language of his father-land—aptly termed the 'language of war'—with the speed of a locomotive.

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" lisped all the white-gloved, imperialled, moustachoed exquisites of the assembly.

"How enchanting," languished a pretty blonde, rolling up her eyes most pathetically to the dark Don Whiskerando upon whose arm she leaned, "Who can endure Grisi or Albertazzi now?"

Such extravagant demonstrations I have witnessed before and accorded them their proper value. "And is this the renowned Pasta?" inquired I of a distinguished and sound musical critic, "Has not the lustre of former glory invested Pasta with her present eclat?"

"Pasta is a great, a talented artiste," he responded: "but the autumn of life is not its spring-time; nor does the fading rose, however fragrant in its decay, possess the freshness or sweetness of its perfect bloom. Pasta will *never* resume her previous rank in popular estimation."

Ole Bull sustained his reputation by an original composition of surpassing merit. He rivalled his greatest effort.—Grandeur and sweetness, strength and softness were blended into a perfect ideal of harmony. He finished, and retreated amid thundering plaudits, his face blanched to marble's whiteness. His sensitiveness, roused by the responsibilities he had assumed, vanquished the man. He fell exhausted, to all appearance a lifeless corse. Time rolled on—exertions seemed unavailing—but when hope had nearly fled, the almost extinguished spark rekindled—a promise, we trust, of another feast of equal and delightful enjoyment. GERALD.

Clarence Club, London, June, 1837.

For the New-Yorker.

MORNING HYMN.

BY T.H. CHIVERS, M.D.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"—and lo, there stole
From out the womb of Darkness, light!
A flood of glory circled round the soul,
And rent the curtains of primeval night.
Through all the vast immensities of space,
A glorious light streamed up Eternity,
And, flying through all chaos, sought its place
In the bright islands of the earth and sea.

"Let there be light!"—and from th' abyss
Of darkness gushed th' Eternal smile,
And, soaring through all nature, came to this,
And gave the firmament another isle.
For Time was as Eternity is now,
Till that immortal light was given,
Whose smile of gladness from Jehovah's brow
Lit up the confines of the realms of heaven.

"Let there be light!"—and from the slime
Of that immortal sea whose wave is love,
The Maker gave existence unto Time,
By smiling on his workmanship above:
And, rising from that great supernal Power,
The same sweet smile ascends the sky,
As from the birth of that auspicious hour,
Ten thousand worlds were sentinel'd on high.

Saratoga Springs, Aug. 1837.

For the New Yorker.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

It cannot be disputed that there is, and has been, a vast deal of humbug, charlatanism, and downright imposture, among the votaries of this science, but still there is truth in it also; how much it is not yet time to determine, but enough to render it a useful matter of inquiry and philosophical investigation. I have read none of the books that have been written either for or against it, for this reason, there is not yet enough known respecting it to make a volume useful, and as to speculations, one man can indulge them as well as another. A journal devoted to the science may be well enough; to record facts and experiments, and show those who are engaged in the investigations connected with the science what has been done by others, and of course what remains to do. But it is mysterious and cannot be true says one; it savors of mystification and quackery, says another; it is contrary to the received opinions of mankind, cries the third; one cannot understand it and therefore it must be false, is the argument of a fourth; and with many the idea that it is hereti-

cal and impious is enough to put the science beyond the pale of toleration. None of these things, however, should turn back the inquirer after facts. What great law of nature is there that is not mysterious? What important discovery has ever been made in the natural sciences that was not contrary to the received opinions of mankind? If we are not to believe in animal magnetism because we cannot understand it, are we also for the same reason to reject terrestrial magnetism, galvanism, electricity, and a thousand other things equally incomprehensible?—and as to its being impious, if it is true it cannot be impious to assert it, or pursue it as a philosophical object of inquiry. No man should fear to follow where truth leads, and in doing so he need fear no actual conflict with the great truths made known by revelation; rightly understood, they will support and confirm each other, a fact of which philosophy furnishes numerous instances.

Bigotry is not religion, and a sneer is not an argument, any more than ridicule is the test of truth. There has been a vast deal of small wit expended on animal magnetism, and so there has been on every important natural truth yet brought before mankind; and when such missiles have failed, more cogent arguments have sometimes been employed. There was once an old grey headed man brought before an inquisitorial court, and on his bended knees compelled to abjure the damnable heresy he had promulgated, that the earth revolves on its axis. He did what was commanded, but as he was led out of the hall, indignant at the sacrifice of truth he had been forced to make, he stamped his foot on the marble pavement, and exclaimed "I swear it moves!" That man was Galileo. Even now the idea of perpetual motion is scouted as absurd and blasphemous, as implying a reversal of the laws of nature, when one of its most important and efficient laws, is, the perpetual motion of the universe. The earth we stand on is a demonstration of perpetual motion, and Davenport and Page have nearly succeeded in applying that law to a part which is so operative on the whole. The electro magnetism that moves the globe, must surely be able to revolve a lesser body, and when the unbelievers in the possibility of perpetual motion are able to show us a body at liberty that does not revolve, then their arguments may be entitled to examination. Geology too has been obliged to submit to the imputations thrown so liberally on its hundred natural sciences. Men have put their meaning on the volume of inspiration, and with most dogmatic assurance pronounce that it means that and can mean nothing else. Geology has proved as far as natural truths can be proved, that the earth must have existed more than six thousand years, and they find in the rocks that constitute the crust of the globe, and the fossil remains they contain, the most conclusive evidence of the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation. Yet the most sober of them have been branded as heterodox and infidel, and charged with a design of overthrowing the authority of the scriptures. Many men seem to forget that natural and revealed truths cannot conflict with each other, and when they seem to do so, both should pause, one party to re-examine their interpretations, the other to review their theory and facts.

I believe there is some foundation for what is called animal magnetism, and these reasons exist independent of all that has been said and written on the subject since its consideration has been revived, or rather introduced in this country. In the first place nothing has yet been discovered not capable of being infused in some way by the fluid called electricity, galvanism, or magnetism. It pervades every particle of matter, and in most instances its influence is palpable and decided. In the second place it is clear, that all organization, aggregation, crystallization, and growth of every kind, is the result of attractive affinities produced by this mysterious agency and subject to the laws by which it is governed. If every particle of our bodies is subject to the influence of this universally pervading fluid, and that they are not, few at this time will be disposed to affirm, then it is equally certain there is such a thing as animal electricity or magnetism. Are all the laws that govern this fluid understood?—are all its modes of operation known?—if not, then modesty should prevent the broad assertion, there can be no such influence. The nervous fluid about which medical men have written and talked so much, it is more than possible, it is probable, is purely electro-magnetic; and that this is the grand medium of sensation and motion; and furnishing the means of feeling and action. Yet no one cries out, materialism! If electro-magnetism when applied to matter, or animal magnetism, when applied to organized and sentient beings is a truth, it is a law of nature; and what is a law of nature but a law of God; a means he has chosen to carry on and perpetuate his works?

A. B.

SONG. [For the New-Yorker.

As the dew to the flow'ret,
When blanched by the sun,
Its roseate leaves wither,
To fade one by one;
As the raindrop that gladdens
The valley and glade,
Is a friend to the heart,
In its sunshine and shade.

As the first blush of morning
That steals o'er the hill,
To robe with its crimson
The streamlet and rill;
As the music that wakes
Where the zephyr hath strayed,
Is the friendship that lives on
Through sunshine and shade.

Like the rose, which at evening
Its beauty discloses,
Or stars that shine brightest
When daylight reposes;
Like the fragrance that dies not
When summer flowers fade,
Is the friend that endureth
Through sunshine and shade.

From the Knickerbocker for December.

LETTERS AND LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB.

There is at the "Merchants' Exchange" in this city, the model of a machine for re-pressing cotton-bales. Would that some ingenious person would invent a similar process, by which much of the matter of such a work as Talfourd's "Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life"—now lying damp before us, in all the luxury of London typography—could be re-pressed into these pages, for the gratification of our readers! In the absence, howbeit, of so desirable a power, we may present such condensed portions as can be subdued "by hand," withal. The letters in this volume are connected by a "thread of narrative," which evinces a kindred spirit between Lamb and his biographer. The author of "Ion" was an old and familiar friend of 'Elia's; hence he every where exhibits a thorough knowledge of his character, not less than a perfect appreciation of his originality of thought, the delicacy and refinement of his taste, and the fascination of his language. These familiar epistles set before us *the man*, as he lived, moved, and acted. We have here, too, the first germs of those delicate children of his brain, which have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed. We see the sources whence sprang the dainty thought, the charming image; and we may mark the daily creation and circumfusion of those felicitous conceits with which the name of "Elia" is inseparably associated. What a reader was he, and how the ferreted beauties of the old worthies "slid into his soul!" Upon the fertile suggestions of a creative, observant spirit, were inoculated and grafted the rich treasures of the elder intellects. * * * * *

Lamb was a creature of ardent sympathies. His social affections were as fresh and tender as those of childhood; and in the subjoined extract from a letter to Wordsworth, these characteristics are admirably portrayed:

"Deaths overset one, and put one out long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within this last two twelvemonths, and so many parts of me have been numbed. One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and thinks to tell of it to this person in preference to every other: the person is gone whom it would have peculiarly suited. It won't do for another. Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There 's Capt. Burney gone! What fun has whist now?—what matters it what you lead, if you can not fancy him looking over you! One never hears any thing, but the image of the particular person occurs with whom alone almost you would care to share the intelligence: thus one distributes oneself about—and now for so many parts of me I have lost the market. Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles. The going away of friends does not make the remainder more precious. It takes so much from them as there was a common link. A. B. and C. make a party. A. dies. B. not only loses A., but all A.'s part in C. C. loses A.'s part in B., and so the alphabet sickens by subtraction of interchangeables."

But gentle-spirited as he was, Lamb knew how to use the polished weapon of satire. Witness his "Letter to Southey," and the following keen sonnet upon the editor of the Quarterly Review. It is a revenge for the severely-expressed "distaste of a small though acute mind, for an original power which it could not appreciate, and which disturbed the conventional associations of which it was master.' Gifford was originally a shoe-maker. The sonnet is entitled, "Saint Crispin to Mr. Gifford," and dated "Saint Crispin's Eve:"

"All unadvised, and in an evil hour,
Lured by aspiring thoughts, my son, you daft
The lowly labors of the 'Gentle Craft'
For learned toils, which blood and spirit sour.
All things, dear pledge, are not in all men's power;
The wiser sort of shrub affects the ground:
And sweet content of mind is oftener found
In cobbler's parlor, than in critic's bower.
The sorest work is what doth cross the grain;
And better to this hour you had been plying
The obsequious awl, with well-waxed finger flying,
Than ceaseless thus to till a thankless vein:
Still tossing muses, which are still denying;
Making a stretching-leather of your brain."

The annexed ludicrous account of a temporary indisposition, was addressed to Bernard Barton, the well-known Quaker poet. It breathes the very spirit of "Elia:"

"Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare—'a whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do any thing, or to be anything—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, soporifical, good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing—a mind stupor—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in-conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it 's three-and-twenty furlongs from hence to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or pancake; emptier than Judge —— 's wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I acknowledge life at all, only by an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary of the world, and the world is weary of me. My day is gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me. 'Tis twelve o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world would be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, 'will it?' I have not volition enough left to dot my i's, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they 'd come back again; my skull is a Grub-street attic to let—not so much as a joint-stool left in it; my hand writes, not I; just as chickens run about a little, when their heads are off. O for a vigorous fit of gout, of cholic, tooth-ache—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs; pain in life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this death! Did you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill, and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment!

"It is just fifteen minutes after twelve; Thurtell is by this time a good way on his journey, baiting at Scorpion perhaps; Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat; the Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns, but, on consideration that he may get somewhat by showing 'em in the town, finally closes."

In the same vein is the following, written under similar circumstances:

"I have my head and ears stuffed up with the east winds. A continual ringing in my brain of bells jangled, or the spheres touched by some raw angel. Is it not George the Third tuning the Hundredth Psalm? I get my music for nothing. But the weather seems to be softening, and will thaw my stunnings. Coleridge writing to me a week or two since, began his note: '*Summer has set in with his usual severity.*' A cold summer is all I know disagreeable in cold. I do not mind the utmost rigor of real winter, but these smiling hypocritical Mays wither me to death. My head has been ringing chaos, like the day the winds were made, before they submitted to the discipline of a weather-cock, before the quarters were made. In the street, with the blended noises of life about me, I hear, and my head is lightened; but in a room, the hubbub comes back, and I am deaf as a sinner. Did I tell you of a pleasant sketch Hood has done, which he calls, '*Very deaf indeed?*' It is of a good-natured, stupid-looking old gentleman, whom a foot-pad has stopped, but for his extreme deafness cannot make him understand what he wants. The unconscious old gentleman is extending his ear-trumpet very complacently, and the fellow is firing a pistol into it to make him hear, but the ball will pierce his skull sooner than the report reach his sensorium. I choose a very little bit of paper, for my ear hisses when I bend down to write. I can hardly read a book, for *I miss that small soft voice which the idea of articulated words raises* (almost imperceptibly to you) *in a silent reader. I seem too deaf to see what I read.* But with a touch of returning zephyr, my head will melt."

It is in a letter to the same staid correspondent, that we find the following reflections on the fate of Fauntleroy, who was executed many years since in London. It is "a strange mingling of humor and solemn truth:"

"And now, my dear sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder vein. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by

a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the change of theme. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many beside him, who at last have expiated as he hath done. You are as yet upright; but you are a banker, or at least the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour —— but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations! I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged, as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangulable, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe, (which is something) but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, etc."

Here is a capital programme for those losel scouts whose "tales of the crusades" which are waged against the canine species, generally fill our newspapers in the dog-days. We have no doubt that similar suggestions to those here thrown out, have been acted upon by many a dog-hater, in the fervid summer solstice, what time a worse virus than the hydrophobic was raging in his brain. Lamb is inquiring after his adopted dog, "Dash:"

"Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore?* Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up, it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder*-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth, (if he would let you,) and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a bedlamite."

There is an adroit satire upon epitaphs—certificates of good character given to persons on going to a new place, who oftentimes had none in the places they left—in the annexed fragment from a letter enclosing an acrostic:

"I am afraid I shall sicken you of acrostics, but this last was written *to order*. I beg you to have inserted in your country paper, something like this advertisement: "To the nobility, gentry, and others about Bury:—C. Lamb respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he is leaving off business in the acrostic line, as he is going into an entirely new line. Rebuses and charades done as usual, and upon the old terms. Also, epitaphs to suit the memory of any person deceased."

A few original anecdotes of Lamb must close our notice for the present. The first dry specimen was doubtless suggested by the closing of a London street-ballad, wherein is set forth the ultra fickleness of a female "lovyer:"

'And there I spied that faithless she,
A fryin' sassengers for he!'

"One day at the exhibition of the Royal Academy, I was sitting on a form, looking at the catalogue, and answering some young people about me who had none, or spared themselves the trouble of consulting it. There was a large picture of Prospero and Miranda; and I had just said, 'It is by *Shee;*' when a voice near me said, 'Would it not be more grammatical to say by *her?*' I looked, it was Mr. Lamb.

"He went with a party down to my brother Charles's ship, in which the officers gave a ball to their friends. My brother hired a vessel to take us down to it, and some one of the company asked its name. On hearing it was the *Antelope*, Mr. Lamb cried out, 'Don't name it; I have such a respect for my aunt, I cannot bear to think of her doing such a foolish action!'

"An old woman, on a cold bleak day, begged of him for charity: 'Ah! Sir,' said she 'I have seen better days.' 'So have I,' said Lamb; meaning literally one not so rainy and overcast as the one on which she begged.

"Mrs. H —— was sitting on a sofa one day, between Mr. Montague and Mr. Lamb. The latter spoke to her, but all her attention was given to the other party. At last they ceased talking, and turning round to Mr. Lamb, she asked what it was he had been saying? He replied, 'Ask Mr. Montague, for it went in at one ear and out at another.'

"Coleridge one day said to him: 'Charles, did you ever hear me *preach?*' 'I never heard you do anything else,' said Lamb.

We shall discuss anew these teeming volumes, when the American edition (which it is to be hoped will possess the portraits of the English) shall have appeared.

LECTURES ON PALESTINE.

Agreeably to the intimation in our last, we now give some account of Mr. Buckingham's Lectures on Palestine, as far as they have yet proceeded. They are of a highly interesting nature, and we fancy we can perceive a design in the lecturer that the interest shall increase as the course advances. The opening, however, strikes a chord to which the heart of every Christian will respond, and which every observer of the wisdom of Divine Providence will admire.

The lecturer commences with the "Advantageous position of Palestine for intercourse with other countries." His immediate object in this is to refute the cavils of sceptics and unbelievers, who, viewing Palestine as it is at this day—a desolate waste, from the misrule of despotic and cruel government, pretend to scoff at the poverty of the 'promised land,' and to deride the accounts of its plenty, its riches, and the boast that it was 'the glory of all lands.' But a farther inference may be drawn by the hearer than is expressed by the speaker. We find, as he proceeds, that nothing less than Divine wisdom could have selected a spot so well adapted for inter-communion with the whole world; nor a period in which the mission of the Redeemer should be more happily selected, seeing that Rome was the mistress of the world, and there was just then a general peace among all nations; nor a juncture in which the advent could be more clearly ascertained, as there was just then an unusual multitude collected in Jerusalem. Bethlehem, and the parts adjacent, in consequence of the decree of Augustus for a general taxation. It was therefore a most appropriate and forcible commencement which Mr. Buckingham selected—one calculated to give *impressement* to the entire course, and which stamped it with a dignity which the mere topographical and antiquarian description could never have elicited.

We shall now briefly describe the arguments in support of the position with which the lecturer set out. Palestine, situated on the sea-coast of the eastern end of the Mediterranean, had the most facile intercourse with all the most civilized countries of Europe and Africa, for those countries were all bordered by the Mediterranean. On the north it was in connection with Asia Minor and the Caucasian countries, beyond which was nothing but barbarous Scythia and the Hyperborean Regions. On the east it joined Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and communicated with all the countries of Asia, by such means as were then universally current. On the south, at no great distance, were the Arabian Peninsula and the Red Sea.

That this was not merely accessible intercourse, but was actually in operation to a large extent, is proved by the accounts in holy writ of the voyages made in the time of Solomon, wherein the commodities brought to Jerusalem, and the stupendous wealth which was partly expended in the erection of the first temple, and partly deposited therein, show at once that the Israelites carried their commercial speculations over a vast area, and that they were in the highest degree prosperous.

After describing in glowing yet not exaggerated terms the beauties and varieties of the borders by which Palestine was surrounded, Mr. Buckingham proceeded to show that it was not merely as a figurative mode of expression, denoting a region of plenty, that the country is described as 'a land flowing with milk and honey'—a country abounding in 'corn, wine, and oil'—but that it liberally and copiously produced these valuable commodities in such plenty, that after supplying in the most ample manner the wants of its own inhabitants, it had a large surplus, to be applied in the way of commerce or exchange. Even misrule itself, grievous and devastating as it is known to be, has not entirely destroyed all vestiges of the truth of this position. *Galilee*, in the northern part of Palestine, was and is highly fertile in corn and grass; and milk is so plentiful in all that region that the inhabitants count it as of no assignable value, giving it to strangers as freely as water is generally given. *Samaria*, in the centre, was and is plenteous in vines and olives, and the wines of which might be of the most exquisite quality, as well as abundant in quantity, if the natives durst engage in the cultivation. *Judea*, in the south, abounds with the wild bees, which form their cells in the clefts of the rocks, whence the inhabitants derive rich honey in such abundant measure that the article forms a portion of every meal, and is used in every modification of which it is capable. Immense quantities run down from the clefts, and are completely wasted and neglected simply because the inhabitants have so little confidence of being allowed to enjoy the fruits of their labors that they will not be at the trouble of collecting it for sale.

These are beautiful features in the present course: they are at once corroborative of the literal truth of Scripture; they give additional proof of the Divine Wisdom and benevolence; and they give a striking lesson of the folly of human arrogance, which, in misused power, can thus mar the fairest prospects and turn a garden into a desert.

After giving to these important topics the attention they well deserve, Mr. Buckingham proceeded to the description of various scenes in Palestine connected with the sacred and profane history of the country. His portraiture of Mount Lebanon was graphic, thus of Mount Hermon poetical; Mt. Tabor presented a panorama to the imagination, and the mounts Carmel, Ebal and Gerizim carried us back to Scriptural contemplation, and into the times of the Israelitish monarchs. The accounts of Mount Zion, the Mount of Olives, and the Sea of Galilee, were given in a manner calculated to raise up holy feelings, and to recall the memory of the miracles and mercies vouchsafed by our blessed Lord during his sojourn upon earth; the Jordan brought to mind the faithful promise of the Almighty to his people; and the Lake Asphaltites was a beacon teaching us the dread consequences of his just indignation.

From these he passed on to the cities on the coast of Palestine. Gaza brought to mind the strength of Samson; Askalon and others, the once dreaded power of the Philistines; Joppa, the early manifestation that the Gospel was for the benefit of Gentile as well as Jew; Cesarea, the bold and dignified pleading of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and Ptolemais the courageous exploits of the Crusaders. In touching upon Tyre and Sidon, he not only went into a circumstantial detail of their site, strength, and commercial importance, but also made many shrewd observations upon the effects of these on the human heart, when the latter is not under the salutary check of religion; and concluded by pointing out the ruin of those princely marts, to be in exact accordance with prophecy.

The Lecturer next proceeded to describe places in the interior of Palestine, and here we were still more forcibly reminded of the New Testament and its associations. In this portion of the course, there was nothing of very striking interest, save as it referred to scenes in which the foundation of our holy religion was laid. This of course is not the fault of the speaker, and neither could he with propriety pass these matters by. He clothed them as much as possible with importance, consistently at least with fact. Thus he described the curious fact that Nazareth is in a valley yet on a hill, and that from its hidden position it remains nearly as it was in the Saviour's mortal sojourn. He proves Capernaum to have been a populous city from the circumstance that there is still extant the ruin of a Theatre capable of containing 15,000 persons. He shows the probability that a colony of people from the neighbourhood of Caucasus settled in Palestine and built the city of Scythopolis. He enlarges on the ancient Shechem, the plain of Mamre, and the cave of Macpelah, which gave him opportunity to allude to the modes of disposing of the dead in different nations, and of the constancy with which particular habits abide, on this subject, in each country. He alludes to the *well* at which Christ met the woman of Samaria, and points out from the nature of the structure, and the unceasing necessity, the probability and even certainty that the well which is shown is the identical one near which the Saviour held the important dialogue which is recorded. Speaking of Bethlehem he was particular in describing the vicinity as a place for shepherds, and descanted on the life and habits of a shepherd in the East, in forcible and appropriate terms, applying these to many expressions in the Saviour's discourses. He concluded by examining the question, that the stable in which the Saviour was born was in a cave, and this he satisfactorily established. Albion.

PRIMITIVE AMERICANS.—Humboldt thinks that there existed other people in Mexico, previous to the arrival of the Toultecs, the date of whose appearance in Mexico he has put down at 648 of the Christian era. It matters not by what name the people who first inhabited America are called; nor does this writer name the people he supposes to have preceded the Toultecs. We have called the primitive inhabitants *Tultecans;* and we are justified by the best authorities, certainly by the most numerous, in giving them this appellation. But we think Humboldt was mistaken in the antiquity of the Tultiques. The date assigned by him for their appearance may have been when they were driven by the northern nations of Chicemecks, or perhaps by the Olmecas, from their ancient city, and forced to mingle with the other nations that about that time made their appearance in Mexico from the north. It is possible that the dates given by writers, and purporting to have been derived from the hieroglyphic paintings of the ancient inhabitants, may have some truth for their bases; but these, liable as they were to misinterpretation, have induced writers to come to the conclusion, that no certainty exists in the dates which have been given for the population of Central America. Whether the inhabitants of Palenque, the famous ruins of which we have noticed, are the *Toultecs* known at a subsequent period, or whether the name of that people is 'past finding out,' our means do not allow us to determine at present. That they had a different name, prior to the appearance of the Toultecs in 596 of Clavigero, or 548 of Humboldt, may be admitted. Still, it is not improbable that they may have left their country in 544, as thought by some, arrived in the valley of Mexico in 648, and founded the city of Tula in 670; but to suppose that

this people afterward reared the monuments we have before mentioned, is not at all probable; on the contrary, the period of their origin supposed by the 'hypothesis' already mentioned and some three thousand years since, would be altogether more in accordance with their ruins. The Tultiques were evidently the first people known in Mexican history; but from whence they came, and the date of their first establishment in Central America, is unknown. Humboldt himself says—'We do not know on what authority these dates are founded.' We shall speak of the people here mentioned as the Toultecs, and as entirely distinct from the ancient inhabitants of Palenque, though we have designated the latter by a similar name, for the sake of preserving coincidence with others. All must be agreed, in accordance with our statement, and with Humboldt, that a people existed in Anahuac long previous to the appearance of these Toultecs we now speak of, though this distinguished traveller had no knowledge of the great ruins of Palenque.

'American Antiquities'—Knickerbocker.

From the Forget-Me-Not for 1838.

THE SONG OF DREAMS.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

Is the rosy glow of the evening cloud—
In the twilight's gloom—
In the sultry noon, when the flowers are bowed,
And the streams are dumb—
In the morning's beam, when the faint stars die
On the brightening flood of the azure sky,
We come!
Weavers of shadowy hopes and fears,
Darkeners of smiles, brighteners of tears,
We come!

We come where the babe on its mother's breast
Lies in slumber deep;
We flit by the maiden's couch of rest,
And o'er her sleep
We float, like the laden honey-bees,
On the soft warm breath of the languid breeze,
And sweep
Hues more beautiful than we bring
From her lip and cheek, for each wandering wing
To keep.

We linger about the lover's bower,
Hovering mute,
When he looks to the west for the sunset hour,
And lists for the foot
That falls so lightly on the grass,
We scarcely hear its echo pass;
And we put
In his heart all hopes, the radiant crowned,
And hang sweet tones and voices round
His lute.

We sit by the miser's treasure-chest,
And near his bed,
And we watch his anxious heart's unrest,
And in mockery tread
With a seeming heavy step about,
And laugh when we hear his frightened shout
Of dread,
Lest the gnomes, who once o'er his gold did reign,
To his hoards to claim it back again
Have sped.

But a sunnier scene and a brighter sky
To-day are ours;
We have seen a youthful poet lie
By a fountain's showers,
With his upturned eyes and his dreamy look,
Reading the April sky's sweet book
Writ by the hours;
Thinking those glorious thoughts that grow
Untutored up in life's fresh glow,
Like flowers.

We will catch the ricnest, brightest hue,
Of the rainbow's rim—
The purest cloud that 'midst the blue
Of heaven doth swim;
The clearest star-beam that shall be
In a dew-drop shrined when the twilight sea
Grows dim;
And a spirit of love about them breathe,
And twine them all in a magic wreath
For him!

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.—Since there is a season when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn *how to grow old gracefully*, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to women. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober reason of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, it will be driven back again upon the world with increasing force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth. Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity.

Mrs. Moore.

From the Knickerbocker for December.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER XXII.

——— As I was saying last month, beloved reader, that 'I am thine in promise,' or to that purport, I have anchored myself in my *fauteuil*, to the end that I may be thine in fulfilment. In our conversation about the Catskills, I omitted sundry pertinent matters, with the which, however, malgré the postponement, I shall not here afflict. Since that period, I have for the most part been pent i' the populous city, amid the wakeful noises by day thereof, and by night the calm security of the streets thereof. I affect the supernatural bawl of the watchman, as it rings up to my pillow; I love the serenade which the neighboring lover sings to his fair, and of which I get the good as well as herself; I like to see the straggling cloud go floating over the slumbering town at midnight, with the moon silvering its edge; or mayhap to note the sheen of a star greeting the vision over a chimney-pot. All these have charms for my eye and ear; I seem to see holy sights and shapes in the firmament; the winds come and go on their circuits, unknowing how many brows they fan; and at times they hush a whole metropolis to silence, insomuch that its wide boundary scarce produces so much noise 'as doth a chestnut in a farmer's fire.'

By-the-way, when the sun begins to set at right descensions, and make his winter arches, I always think of the roaring fires in the domicil of the rural husbandman, with feelings akin to envy. Ye who toast your heels by anthracite; who survey the meagre 'blue blazes' of Liverpool coal, and whose nostrils take in the dry odor thereof, being reminded thereby of those ever-burning brimstone beds, where Apollyon keeps his court, and Judas has his residence; ye, I say, who have a life-long intimacy with these sorts of fuel, can have but small conception of a winter's fire in the country. Far round doth it illumine the apartment where it rages; intolerable is proximity thereunto; and its 'circle of admirers' is always large, because they cannot come a-nigh. A pleasant disdain is felt for the snow which whirls on whistling winds against the pane; the herds are huddled in their cotes secure; and the storm has permission to mumble its belly full, and spit snow at its pleasure. Hugeous reminiscences of delight come over my spirit, in this connexion: post-school hours; the steaming bowl of flip, or those orthographical convocations, where buxom maidens exulted in their secret heart, as tall words were vociferously mounted, in correct emission, by green-horn swain. Sleigh-rides, likewise; amatory pressures, under skin of buffalo or bison; long processions through wintry villages, whose tall smokes rose from every chimney; pillars of blue, standing upright in the air, like columns of sapphire. Cider, with its acidity of remembrance; apples, that melted on the tongue, as they descended toward the diaphragm; landscapes of snow; and slides down hill!—not forgetting those skating achievements, which for the time being fill the mind with such pride, that one scarcely wishes to reach heaven at last, if that amusement be interdicted among the just made perfect! All these circumstances and events, with curious confusion, hang in a nucleus about my memories of a rural hearth; 'but these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.' Shakspeare had a good notion of the comforts to which I refer. He puts a lovely sentiment into the mouth of King Richard II. when he causes him to utter to the royal lady this tender language:

'Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France;
Think I am dead; and that from me thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages, long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me!'

I have not, howbeit, reader, as might be inferred from what has been herein before written, spent all the mean season spoken of in the busy capital. I have made, with household appurtenances, and delights, and responsibilities, an autumnal tour or 'excrescence' into the country, round about the Empire Town. Quotidian columns have borne the register thereof: hence Benevolence prompts to crucify farther infliction. The landscapes surveyed were beautiful; though it may be said of the eminences, as Mr. William Lackaday observes in the play, of his boy-seen uplands: 'Them there hills was n't clothed with much werder.'

How many steemboat accidents are occurring constantly! One of late astonished the peaceful Delaware. But it did one good act. The explosion blew away a piece of very bad orthography in the cabin of one of those craft which ply between Philadelphia and Camden. Perilous voyages do they make, indeed! Nurses with their blooming charges, and who have never been to sea, embark in them to behold the wonders of the deep! The disaster I speak of arose from that which made the angels fall. 'T was curst ambition. One boat was going several inches ahead of another, and urged its engine to the rate of at least five miles the hour. Rivalry was awakened; the captain of the hapless craft yelled to his assistant: 'Josey, we'll have a race with that t'other impertinent boat! *Put that other stick of wood into the furnace!* My pride is elewated. Never mind the expense *this* time!' The command was given; the boiler collapsed, and ambition was ended. The orthography blown from the steamer was this:

'No smoking *aloud* in the cabing!'

This was an injunction obeyed per force, for it could not be broken. It specified tacit fumigation:

——'Nothing could live
Twixt that and silence;'

and the unnecessary monition was no great loss, either to luxury or learning.

Let me here register a letter which I have received from the Jehu who voted for Smith, of Smithopolis. He conveys several curious sentiments; and among other matters, records the demise of the person to whom he was indebted for a lecture:

'*November the 5th*, 1837.

'My Dear Sir—I have seen a piece which you made and put into a perryogue published down into the city of New York, to which I am a-going to indict a reply. My indictment will be short, as some of the parties is not present to which you have been allusive. But with respect of that there diwine person you spoke of, I am sorry to remark, that he is uncommonly dead, and wont never give no more lectures. He was so onfortnight as to bu'st a blood-vessel at a pertracted meeting; and I han't hearn nothing onto him sence. His motives was probable good; but in delivering on 'em, it struck me forcibly that he proximoted to the *sassy*. However, I never reserves ill will, not ag'inst nobody; and I authorize you to put this into printing, ef 'so be that you deem it useful. That's what Smith used to say, when he published his self-nominations in the newspapers, that a man with a horn (they tell me that he has a very large circle of kindred) used to ride post about, and distribit.

'In the sincere congratulation that there has not nothing been said in this communication unproper for the public ear, and for giving you the descriptions of the rackets, and other messauges respecting me, which you deeded to the public, I remain yours until death do us part. Post Tillion.'

'Mr. Ollapod, M. D.'

Now there is no finding fault with a correspondent of this description. Plain, unadorned, he gives his thoughts the drapery of ink—dresses them in black—and there they stand, ('what is written remains,') evidences at once of his frankness and his erudition. To me, such documents, though light, and perhaps unpalatable to those who prefer the heavier condiments of literature, form the cream or the dessert of life's plenteous table.

Talking of desserts—by which (whisper) I don't mean the boundless contiguity of western wildernesses, nor the sandy bounds of Zahara, but the after-glories of a dinner—I have of late arrived at some curious embellishments of delicacies, on the part of those who are bent upon improving the English language at all hazards—upon extending it to the utmost latitude of dainty expression and culture. The Astor House, I learn, at its Ladies' Ordinary, has furnished forth some glorious specimens of English improved.

"Sir," said an exquisite, desirous of partaking a certain delicacy for himself and his fair, "have you at present any of the *chastised idiot-brother?*"

"Han't seen no relations of your'n here to-day," murmured the waiter, with an imperturbable and 'fortive' smile.

"Don't be impertinent, fellow!" was the reply; "I mean something to eat."

"If you want to eat any thing in the *idiot* line," replied the servant, aside, as his inquisitor fingered his moustache, "I guess you'd better put some butter on your hair, and swaller *yourself!*" And here the sacrilegious usher of sauces and glasses indulged in a half-suppressed guffaw.

"Dar' say you consider that funny, my short *help*," said the inquirer; "but what I want is what *you* call *whipped-syllabub*. Heaven help your ignorance."

The requisite was handed—the exquisite appeased. But his quiet was brief. Calling to him the same locomotive assistance, he inquired:

"Now, individual, I want some *sacrificed-threshed-indigent-williams*. Have you got any?"

"Not one, upon my soul, your honor; that is, if you mean turnips."

"Turnips!—curse turnips!—you double-distilled Vandal—you Goth—you Visigoth! I mean, have you any roasted whippoorwills?"

"Holy Paul!" said a Hibernian 'help,' who had drawn anigh, attracted by the discussion; "in the name of the Vargin, what is *them?*"

Just at this juncture, the eaves-dropping by-stander who furnishes the *mem.* of this, came away, leaving the emerald son—more verdant to look at than his native isle—staring as if in a fit of astronomy, in eclipse-time.

One of my autumnal recreations, good my reader, is hunting. I pull a most fatal trigger. Venerie delighteth me, when the day is good and the game abundant. I love (heaven forgive me!) to bring down the squirrel, with the half-munched chestnut in his teeth, what time his bushy tail (no longer waving in triumph over his back, as he bounds from limb to limb) quivers in *articulo mortis*. I confess me none of your cockney venators. Some of these I have seen place the deadly muzzle of a double-barrel rifle at the unsuspecting tail of a wren, while the proximity of metal and feathers was less than an inch; and when they fired, they plunged back some several yards, overcome with horror, though the bird had flown without injury, save indeed some blackened down, in extremis—a trifle, with life safe, and the world before her.

The poetry of gun-powder is in making it *tell*. To go out when the woods are so beautiful that you deem a score of dying dolphins hang on every tree;

'When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill;' [are still,

to hear the delicate tread of the game on the leaves, rustling amid the murmur of solemn winds, as the westering sun scampers down the west, with a face as red as if he had disgraced the solar family by some misdemeanor; and then, in some thick recess of passing foliage, and innumerous boughs, then and there to bore winged fowl, and my gentleman quadrupeds of the sylvan fastness, with cold lead, is exhilarating. All kinds of volant things that wing the autumn air—all sorts of movers on four legs—to make these succumb to the behests of minerals, deadly salts, and a percussion cap to set them on, is a kind of great glory in a very small way. I miss, in my excursions of this nature, the kind of sport which I fancy they who course the fields and glades of England must peculiarly enjoy; hare-hunting, namely. 'The ancients,' saith my choice 'Elia,' 'must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *lepores*, (obviously from *lepus*,) but from some subtle analogy between the delicate flavor of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries*? The fine madnesses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Haram-scarum is a libellous, unfounded phrase, of modern usage. 'Tis true, the hare is the most circumspect of animals, sleeping with her eyes open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to all animals) infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen, with thrice the number of dogs, scour the country in pursuit of puss, across three counties; and because the well-flavored beast, weighing the odds, is *willing* to to evade the hue and cry, *with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord*, comes the grave naturalist, Linnæus, perchance, or Buffon, and gravely sets down the hare as—a timid animal. Why, Achilles, or Bully Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat!' This is speaking sooth, and vindicates the fame of that class of tremulous tenants of rural haunts, whose ears, most unhappily, are sometimes longer than their lives.

Sometimes I surmount my pony, and traverse for miles the banks of the Schuylkill—moving, now fast, now slow, as humor prompts, or clouds portend. The city fades behind me; the beautiful eminence of Fairmount, its spouting fountains, its statues in the many-colored shade; the sheen of the river; the trellised pavilions that hang on its side; the hum of waters, or the cheerings of some regatta, mingle with far obscurity and airy nothing; and then, as I ride, I sing the song of Anacreon Little, laying every tone to my heart, like a treasure and a spell:

'Along by the Schuylkill a wanderer was roving,
And dear were its flowery banks to his eye:'
(I am bounding along—at a good rate am moving—
I have lost the last lines—unregained, if I try.)

Thus I murder the post-meridian hours, when the weather-office is propitious, and its clerks attentive.

By-the-way, how often have I pondered on the extreme surprise experienced by Balaam, of Old-Testament memory, when he rode out one day on business. His meditations were most unexpectedly interrupted by the beast he rode; and he was immensely astounded, when he found out the garrulity of the animal. True to her sex, (for she was of the tender gender,) she commenced a few sentences of small-talk, greatly to his dismay. And who could marvel? What man but would listen, *auribus erectis*, when he ascertained that his own ass was opening a conversation with him? 'Twas thus with Balaam. He was well nigh demented. He pommelled his beast with great vehemence; but she turned her head to him, and said in the Hebrew dialect—'*No Go!*'

Is it not wonderful, that those who are skilled in biblical history, who weigh evidence by the ounce, and inference by the pound, is it not a marvel, that they never traced the obstinacy of this four-footed individual to the right motive?—She was, in sooth, the great progenitress *of Animal Magnetism*; and she presented, in her own person, the first instance *of clairvoyance* on record, either in prose or rhyme. It was at her hinder feet that Mesmer sat, in thought, and caught the inspiration of his science. Balaam sat on her patient back, burdened her hallowed vertebræ, nor knew how much wisdom he bestrode. Blinded mortal! He looked ahead for the cause of his detention. He saw no reason why he should not push on; and in the Egyptian obliquity of his heart, he 'whaled' his ass to a degree. It did no good; on the contrary, 'twas quite the reverse. The ass and the angel were looking steadfastly at each other; but Balaam saw but one of the parties. He noted not the glittering and glorious obstacle that stopped the narrow way. The loose and expressionless lips of his ass spoke like a book; the *clairvoyance* was established; but the effect was slow. Henceforth, when the magnetic science is discussed, honor its foundress. Reader unto that ass the things which are asses."

I have achieved a victory which should fire the heart of any tasteful bibliomaniac. *I stand seized of Lamb*. Understand me, reader, 'tis no juvenile mutton, whereof I am possessed; not adolescent merino, or embryo ram. By no manner of means; contrariwise, it is Talfourd's brief memoir, and a most succulent correspondence, by the Author of 'Elia.' 'Tis a thing over which a father may waken his boy, in the small hours of the morning, (being yet unmoved bedward,) by a multitudinous guffaw. Rosy slumber, ruptured by obstreperous laughter; but ah! how decidedly unavoidable.

Yes; I write myself proprietor for the nonce of a London edition. My name is written in the 'Lamb's Book of Life;' say rather, in a Book of the Life of Lamb. Most hugeously do I relish his quaint conceits, and those dainty sentences, the fashioning whereof came to him unbidden, from spirits of the olden time, bending from the clouds of fame. (By-the-by, what an unconscionable dog was Ossian! He always kept a score or two of heroes, sitting half-dressed on cold clouds, making speeches. 'Twas most unkind of him. But he lived in a rude age.) Lamb was one of those precious few of whom the world is not worthy. He wrote from the impulses of a noble heart, guided to new expression by a mind clear as the brook of Siloa, that flowed by the oracles of God. He was not one of your persons who are dignified by the phrase 'all heart,' for he had a prolific brain, himself betwixt a desk at the India-House, and his social hours, or studious; but what golden fruitage sprang therefrom! None of your crude sentences, half-formed, unlicked, unpolished; but full of meaning; succinct to the eye, and harmonious to the ear. There is a light from his pen, which can illumine the saddest hour. He went forth to amuse and enlighten, as the sun gets up in the morning to cheer the world. 'with all his fires and travelling glories round him.' Essayist incomparable! How would he have looked writing a prize tale for the horror-mongers!

In respect of these latter things, how many double-distilled atrocities of that kind are now and then committed at this day! They must be filled with blood and murder; piracy, thieving, villany of all sorts, must be thrown in, to make the mixture 'slab and good.' This is the result of the ten thousand pages of trash, which the want of a copy-right law entails upon us from England. *Improbability* is the first ingredient, to which assassination, seduction, and all kinds of crime, must approximate. Let me give a specimen:

'THE FATAL VOW,'

'It was late in the fall of 18—, (convenient blank!) when, as the night had come on, on a stormy evening, a dreadful tempest arose in the west. The lightning flashed, the thunder faintly bellowed for a time; but soon the lightning discontinued, though the thunder moaned on. It was pitchdark—darkness Egyptian. The sight was palsied and checked within an inch of the eye.—At this junction, two men on horseback might have been seen, at the distance of half a mile from the river ——, riding through a thick wood. One of them was of sallow complexion, with huge black whiskers; he rode a horse of the color called by rural people 'pumpkin-and-milk,' or cream-color, rather. In his holster were two pistols. He wore a broad slouching hat, apparently unpaid for. A frown, blacker considerably than hell, darkened his brow. Turning to his companion, a weazen-faced man, with a red head, mounted on what is called a 'calico mare,' he said:

'Well, Jakarzil, shall we do the deed to-night?

'It would ill befit the noble Count d'Urzilio de Belleville,' said the dependent, 'to shoot that ill-fated lady at the present time. It would not look well.'

'I care not for looks!' replied the Count, curling his lip, and placing in his sinister cheek a piece of tobacco, 'I must have vengeance! If the candle is not at the casement, I shall bu'st the door. I want revenge!' [To be continued.]

This is like the modern tales. Meditated butchery, successful scoundrelism, and other delectables make up their sum. As the fragment just read may never be concluded, I will mention the fate of the parties. The hero shot his grandmother out of *pique*, and was hung; Jakarzil, his man, is in the penitentiary for horse-stealing.

Some of my unpoetical friends think I have underrated the Falls at Catskill. Heaven save the mark! They have never seen Niagara, and are therefore contented with a few grim rocks, the gate of a milldam, and grandeur by the gallon; for thus, in a manner, is it sold. No! Let these untravelled but very clever fellows once hear the roar that shakes Goat Island, and the region round about; see the river that pours its mile-wide breakers down, and mark the rainbow smile! Ever thereafter will they hold their peace.

One or two credulous persons have fancied that the sketch of 'Smith of Smithopolis' was designed as an imputation upon the name. The said imputation is disdained, by these presents. I have a decided regard for that style and title: companionship, familiarity, personal knowledge, (so grateful to the inquiring mind,) are its synonyms. Beside, I honor the name, for sundry associations. Who has never rode in a rail-car, a steamboat, or a coach, with a person of the name of Smith? Or heard him speak at a public meeting? Or owed him a trifle? Or had a trifle due from him, the Smith aforesaid? *Nemo*—'I undertake to say'—(in fact I not only *undertake* this vocal enterprise, but I *accomplish* it.) Aside, reader, 't is a criticism on the phrase; which whose uses when he knows what he is about to set down in palpable chirography, is a *sumph* unqualified: *Anglice*, one of the flat 'uns, named of *Stulti*.

The Smiths are numerous, 't is said. Grant it. Who pays more post-office revenue? Who more quickly resents a jeer upon the name? Tell me that. 'Not nobody.' Would you look for heroes? The Smiths could supply them. For female goodness and devotion? The same, from the same. For wit, genius, and elevated talent? *Vide* Horace and James, of the Addresses, and Richard Penn: the studious scholar, good lawyer, quaint citizen, novelist, poet, dramatist—every thing clever.

I had many more things to mention, courteous reader; but I fear, from what I have written, you may augur a bore. Heaven forefend! Consequently, thine in conclusion, I write myself, henceforth, now, and formerly, Ollapod.

MIDNIGHT.—written at Bermuda.

Midnight is on the earth!
Flowers that in darkness bloom
Blush into odorous birth
Beneath the solemn gloom:
O'er palace and o'er stall
Her dewy curtain spread
Mantles with its pall
The crowd of living dead.

Midnight is on the sea!
A soft and sweet repose
Steals o'er th' untroubled lee,
Noiseless as falling snows:
Hushed in their ocean caves,
The winds their sleep prolong,
Or, rising to the waves,
Expire in dreamlike song.

Midnight is in the heaven!
The planets of the air,
To her as vassals given,
Wander and worship there.
No sound comes from her throne,
Piled in those lofty skies;
Calmly she broods upon
Her own sweet mysteries.

Yet in her silence deep
There breathes a language fraught
With spells to wake and keep
The energies of thought;
And on her awful brow
Strange characters appear,
The portraiture to show
Of the advancing year.

Night is a fearful book,
And on her darkling skies
Did seer and magi look,
Searching earth's destinies;
But gone that dangerous power
To antique science given;
The planetary hour
Rolls on unmarked in heaven.

The night is Memory's sphere;
In light and shadow cast,
On her dim disk appear
The lost, the loved, the past;
The fond ones of our youth
Hastened to life's sad bourne;
Dear to the heart's deep truth,
Dream we of their return?

Ask of the phantoms pale
That haunt the hollow sky,
Ask of the fitful gale
That mourns and passes by;
Invoke the spirits home,
Unsearchable, unseen;
Where do the wanderers roam?
Are they as they have been?

Silence is on the land;
No voice comes from the sea;
No spell can reach thy strand,
Thou dim Eternity!
Fled like the cloudy rack
With morning's early breath;
Night yet shall bring them back,
The last late night of Death!

'HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,' etc.

In our hasty notice of this little volume some three weeks since, we expressed our general approbation of its design and spirit. True, we did not find it, nor did we expect to, such a History of English Literature as a scholar would desire; but we believed, and still believe, that, maugre its many defects, it would answer a good purpose. The Editor of the American Monthly Magazine, however, takes a different view of the matter, and reviews the book, the author, and the American Editor, after a fashion not particularly amiable.—We give place to a portion of his notice, which, whether just or severe, is at any rate amusing:

The American editor of this volume, 'Rev. Royal Robbins,' (what a glorious alliteration!) commences his preface with some sarcastic remarks upon its English author,

Mr. Robert Chambers, because he was either wilfully or really ignorant of the merits of certain celebrated American writers on metaphysics, theology, and philosophy. Mr. Robert Chambers, it seems, saw fit to confer immortality on no Americans except Franklin, Irving and Cooper; the first of whom is by the Rev. Royal Robbins (what a river of a name!) distinguished as a great philosopher, the second as a fine prose writer, and the third as an ingenious novelist. We agree with Royal—not irreverently shall we designate the American Editor, sometimes by one and sometimes by another part of his mellifluous cognomen—we agree with Royal in most particularly blaming Robert for the information concerning our many great men which he has so surreptitiously suppressed and wantonly withheld, (how gracefully we fall into alliteration!) but what must we say of Robbins himself, who, though living in the midst of our host of *litterateurs*, has most manifestly misjudged many, and notoriously neglected those who are not only equally worthy of notoriety with those whom he has mentioned, but, in many matters, more so? Oh! Reverend Royal Robbins, repent of those sins of omission and commission, which we shall unsparingly signify and point out to thee. Thou sayest in thy book, that this our beloved journal combineth 'instruction with amusement.' We fear that the latter quality will be found just now predominant; yet if thou wilt carefully peruse the succeeding, thou shalt be made wiser—yea, instructed greatly, in certain points, concerning which thou seemest to be immersed in the profoundest ignorance!

> "An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
> Boldly, by battery besieged Belgrade;
> Cossack commanders cannonading come,
> Dealing destruction's devastating doom," &c.

Knowest thou, Royal, surnamed Robbins, who was the author of those magnificently alliterative verses? Nay, didst thou ever hear the verses before? No! then this is one thing in which thou art already wiser. As they begin, so continue the verses—gliding one after another, in symphonious alliteration as musical as thy name, which might be brought into a line, thus:—

Royal Robbins ruminating writes.

The last word is perfect only in sound, but may be tolerated by the example of the country schoolmaster's celebrated toast—"I give you, fellow-citizens," he exclaimed, "the three R's—Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic." We will no longer delay, by thus dilating digressively, but dip directly into our dish.

It is an old adage, 'that too many cooks spoil the broth.' Now here is very good broth spoiled by only two cooks. The materials were sufficiently abundant to have made soup enough for all the literary poor in the two hemispheres, and not have been very thin, either; but with so little skill have these been used, that the liquid in which they have been boiled, seems to be less nutritious than that which is served to the poor in Paris; in which, it is said, that an expert angler might fish for a week and not find a bone.

'A History of the English Language and Literature!' What an imposing title! What a long tail our cat has got! or rather how monstrous a head upon how diminutive a body! Think of it—'A History of the English Language and Literature,' prefixed to a by no means thick duodecimo of 320 pages! Well—learning is getting to be made very easy.—The royal road has been discovered at last by Royal Robbins. The discovery of the application of Electro-Magnetic power to rotary motion is nothing to it. We shall be carried by even a swifter power than steam, into learning, at this rate. Two other names are henceforth to be added to the two, to whom the English and American nations have so much cause to be grateful. Let us rejoice, even more than at the late glorious Whig victory, that one of these is borne by a fellow countryman. Robert Chambers and Royal Robbins, coadjutors in the important task of reducing a History of the English Language and Literature to 320 duodecimo pages, your names shall be inscribed beneath those of Charles Knight, original plotter of all the works for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and Samuel G. Goodrich, real—though with the diffidence inseparable from true merit unavowed—author of Peter Parley's Tales! Already, through the unwearied and never-to-be-too-much commended exertions of the first of these last-named gentlemen, has the world of English literature beheld knowledge diffused into its remotest corners. Through his agency have the abstruse technicalities of science become as familiar as household words in and about Wapping and the Five Points, and the recondite speculations of philosophy been made 'as easy as lying' to the elegant purveyors of fish in Billingsgate and the Hook. Already, through the indefatigable and disinterested labors of the last-named philoprogenitive author, have not only History and Geography become mere playthings to the intellects of children, and Mineralogy and Conchology simple studies, but Mathematics have been mastered, and it is contemplated to reduce Sir Isaac Newton's Principia to dimensions suitable for the juvenile grasp, and to simplify to the infantile understanding the whole mystery of Fluxions. Yet, stupendous as the accomplishments of these two authors may be considered they must pale their renown before that of a Chambers and a Robbins. A History of English Literature! Why, we once thought of giving a course of Twelve Lectures, to set forth some hints for a plan of such a work, which, as we thought, should be commenced by a ripe scholar at the age of thirty, and continued till his death:—bequeathed by him to another equally capable, it was to be continued till *his* death; by him surrendered to still another, and so on, was to make slow and magnificent progress, till completed by the twenty-fourth man. Each was to spend his whole life in the task, each was to write but one volume, and there were to be but twenty-four volumes. From the small work before us, prepared by only two pair of hands, we perceive that an attempt has been made to compress all this world of labor into a nut-shell. If the attempt be a successful one, what praise is not due to the projectors!

Let us see what has been done: and without descending too minutely into particulars, which our space will not allow, let us look at the respective labors of this Beaumont and Fletcher of Literary History. It appears, as we have already remarked, that Royal Robbins (how we dote on that alliteration!) pokes Robert Chambers in the ribs about his neglect of American authors. He might have had 'a smarter chance' of finding fault with his literary brother, if he had observed that Mr. Chambers's ignorance is by no means confined to the domain of American letters. From 'the venerable Bede' down to Mr. Robert Chambers himself—whom he modestly commemorates as having been associated with his brother, Mr. William Chambers, in the conducting of 'a periodical sheet of original and select literature, entitled *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*,' in which a quantity of matter equal to that contained in a number of the Library of Useful Knowledge, was offered at a fourth of the price, there occur many omissions of names not altogether unknown to Fame, though unrevealed to such babes as himself. There are also omissions of facts as well as of names, which are in many cases judiciously interpolated by the American Editor and of which he takes care to preserve the credit by placing them, like patches of blue sky, between stars, and, after having alluded to the manner of designation in his preface, noting the same at the bottom of each page. These interpolations, though made in the compressed and unsatisfactory style of the original work, are not without their value, and display a degree of information, of which Mr. Chambers, through inadvertent haste or a carelessness of research, did not possess himself.

* * * * * * *

The period of letters—ranked as the fourth, and extending from 1649 to 1689—is much better managed than those that precede or those which follow it in our duodecimo. In treating of the writers of the fifth period, Mr. Robert Chambers falls once more into child-like *naivete*. Of Pope he says:—"In his early years he had much intercourse with a Mr. Cromwell, who is described as having been a mixture of the pedant and the beau; and from this individual he acquired many habits of thinking and expression *by no means amiable—in particular a sarcastic way of treating the female sex*." If such criticism is not funny, we know not what is. It reminds us of a friend of ours, who never could understand an ironical remark. Tell him that the moon was made of green cheese, and he would not credit the absurdity—not he! Speaking of one of the great writers of a former age, Mr. Chambers calls him a person of 'uncommon talent.' He must have been the man who declared, in conversation, "Goldsmith is a pretty poet.' To show that Mr. Pope's sarcasm on the female sex was not altogether undeserved, we will relate an observation made by one of the fair to ourselves, not dissimilar in simplicity to those of Mr. Chambers. We were quoting from Milton the beautiful passage ending,

'Smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled.'

"Ah!" exclaimed the lovely creature, "where is that from?" "From Comus, Miss." "Comus! who is HE?" "It is not a HE, Miss. but a dramatic scene, entitled a Masque, by Milton." "Oh! Milton, I have read his verses—*sweet poet!*"

Though agreeable the task, we must not linger to cull more flowers from Mr. Chambers's sparse parterre; it will suffice to say, that among the old writers, no mention is made of that 'sweet singer of the Temple,' George Herbert, whose verses are 'beautiful exceedingly.' Who does not remember his 'Virtue,' commencing,

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky—"

Other omissions, equally important, which we cannot stop to designate, occur in the first six periods. Lord Bolingbroke is despatched in a third of a page.

We now come to the seventh and last period, and shall here chiefly confine ourselves to the observations of the American Editor upon the living writers of the present day. The following, however, from the English concoctor of words into sentences which pretend to embody the characteristics of men of genius, are quite enough, without any request, like Dogberry's, from his own mouth, to make us 'write him down an ass.' Of the works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, ('blessings upon him, and eternal praise!') he writes:—

"He began to publish verses in 1794, but for some years after that period was chiefly engaged in political compositions. An undue devotion to the study of metaphysics and of German literature seems to have early blighted the genius of this poet, whose power, both of imagination and of expression, are among the highest that have been known in the present age. There is scarcely one of his poems which is not in some respect imperfect or deformed, and it is only in a few particular passages that he appears in his native and genuine lustre."

And this is pretty much all that is said. It is sufficient, however, to disgust us with the miserable incapacity of Mr. Robert Chambers. We are positive that he could not have produced the passage quoted from the notice of Dryden.—He is a driveller in the last stage of second childhood.

With this compliment, we turn from him with pleasure to his much superior assistant, the mellifluously-named Rev. Royal Robbins.

We remark primarily, that Mr. Robbins was unfitted for the task of executing even an outline sketch of the present state of our literature from a lack of acquaintance with the principal and best known of our authors. He mentions the names of several who deservedly hold a high rank in the catalogue of those who have contributed to elevate the literary character of the country; but he has passed by others equally worthy of commemoration. Among those who occupy a subordinate rank, he has named individuals far inferior to many who have deserved and gained the public approbation. We will prove this by a recital of a few of the neglected authors, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as of those whose reputation is not limited to the State or section in which they reside, but have been heard of even in Hartford, and, if we are not mistaken, as far 'down East' as Kennebunk.

First of the Poets; he has not named Joseph Rodman Drake, a name dear to Americans, and author of a poem, which, for fanciful and delicate imagery, has never been surpassed in this country, and seldom in any other. Did the Rev. Royal Robbins never hear of 'the Culprit Fay?' Did he never meet with the address to the American Flag, a poem familiar as Yankee Doodle to American ears? Were the shadows in which he seems to dwell never pierced by the rays of genius which flowed from Washington Allston, John Greenleaf Whittier, George D. Prentice, or Hannah Gould? The omission of the last name is absolutely surprising, for Miss Gould is, beyond all comparison, the most gifted and most pleasing poetess in this hemisphere. Did our editor never hear of Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the most graceful, witty, and delightful makers of verses in modern times—nor of Willis Gaylord Clarke, nor Henry Pickering, nor William Croswell? Nor, among the females who have adorned our literature, of Mrs. Brooks, wife James G. Brooks, whom he mentions, and, in conjunction with whom, she published many beautiful effusions, nor of Mrs. Embury, nor Miss Bogart, nor of—and here our astonishment would rise into despair, if we had not already despaired of Rev. Royal Robbins—of Lucretia Maria Davidson? This has become a name nearly as famous as that of Chatterton in the records of early genius; her poems have been highly commended in the London Quarterly Review, and a charming sketch of her life, prepared by Miss Sedgwick. We state this for Royal's individual information, not because the whole world is not cognizant of the facts. We state also with similarly beneficent intent, that, among the novelists of our country, there have been such personages as Dr. Robert M. Bird, author of a series of novels inferior in reputation only to those of Cooper and Brown; as John P. Kennedy, the admirable author of 'Swallow Barn' and Horse-Shoe Robinson:' as John T. Irving; as Professor Ingraham. But we need not go on swelling the list. One would have thought that at least Miss Leslie might have been added. We will astonish the reader with the names of a few of the miscellaneous writers of whose names and productions no mention is made in this 'History of Literature.' Robert Walsh, of Philadelphia; Alexander Slidell, author of 'A Year in Spain;' Thomas Grimke, of Charleston, S. C.; Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia; Matthew L. Davis, author of the 'Life of Burr'; William L. Stone; William Leggett; Theodore S. Fay; William Cox. As he mentions George P. Morris, we marvel at his omission of the two last; we thought their names, and that of Mr. N. P. Willis, inseparably woven in the same wreath of renown. The Rev. Royal Robbins has not failed to notice certain polemical and other works of a serious cast; but he seems to have confined himself to a particular persuasion, and hardly to have stepped off the Saybrook platform. Did he never encounter the names of Bishop White, of Dr. Jarvis, of Dr. Hawkes? nor of Samuel Webber, Abner Alden, Professor Cleaveland? But we no longer specify; if we were to go a little lower in the scale of merit, we might fill the remainder of this journal with the names of writers, every one of whom is equal if not superior to those selected. We could not expect that all of the 'two thousand' should be mentioned; but we do expect that some sort of discretion, discrimination, and appreciation should be indicated. Mr. Robbins politely offers to supply any omissions which may be pointed out, but to do so, on the same scale of merit which he has here adopted, would require at least two more such volumes.

Thus far the kind, attentive, and forbearing reader of this notice has been surprised at the neglect of the Rev. Royal Robbins of certain well-known names; but we now propose to petrify him with amazement with the mention of two or three most illustrious, glorious, and world-renowned individuals; and it is still more marvellously wonderful that these

should have been overlooked in any work making pretensions to give an account of literature. We are no less astonished at the oversight on the part of Mr. Chambers; for, although Americans, has not their fame taken to itself the wings of the morning, and dwelt in the uttermost parts of the sea? Whose heart does not 'leap up,' as Wordsworth's did when he beheld 'a rainbow in the sky,' at the magic sound of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield! Inimitable bard! thou strikest the lyre and what delicious harmonies quiver along the strings! what strains of indignant, heart-rending defiance! what woful cadences, expressive of a mind surcharged with grief at the world's cruel indifference! What thy poems lacked in quality they made up in quantity, as the groaning shelves of booksellers bore witness. Even now, in our mind's eye, we behold thee, like Homer journeying through the cities of Greece, travelling about from town to town rehearsing thy immortal epics at half-a-dollar a piece to grown people, children half-price; or, accompanied by thy venerable and irresistible maternal ancestor, soliciting subscriptions. But not only to thyself, but to thy rivals for the guerdon of fame, has Royal Robbins denied record. Where is Dr. McHenry, the author of Friendship—a poem, and the Wilderness—a novel, in which General George Washington is represented as on his knees to a cruel young woman! Oh! where? Where is Emmons, vulgarly but endearingly called Pickle? where the author of 'the Fredoniad,' a gigantic poem, divided into five cantos, thus—First Canto, *Heaven;* Second Canto, *Heaven Continued;* Third Canto, *Hell;* Fourth Canto, *Hell Continued;* Fifth Canto, *Battle of Detroit?* Oh, where? And where is McDonald Clark, 'the mad poet,' mad out of sheer inspiration? Where—now for the climax—where is *Mrs. Royal?* who puts us in mind of the ballad of 'The Screeching Lady,' and who, though impolitely called by John Neal 'a double-fisted fellow in petticoats,' is

"A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon."

The omission of this sweet sunflower of literature is no more excusable, on the part of Rev. Royal Robbins, than that of her sister-spirit, Mrs. Trollope, who might be called the cauliflower if not more closely akin to the cabbage—

"The giant-rose wrapt in a green surtout."

But we must wind up this long 'screed.' The importance of the topic must be our excuse for the space devoted to its consideration. We recommend to Mr. Robbins to suppress the present title of his book, and, instead of calling it 'A History of the English Language and Literature,' to substitute the more grandiloquent and appropriate one of 'A Lexicographical account, in Chronological order, of some of the most distinguished and undistinguished authors of Great Britain and America, *with omissions.*'

THE GARCIAS.

Poor, sacrificed, departed Malibran! It is exactly twelve short months since she was deposited, cold, motionless, tuneless, dead, in the tomb! and somewhere about twelve long years since I first met her, gay, bright, fascinating, and happy, delighting all with her rich melody, but more by her child-like playfulness and girlish *naivete*—herself delighted that her charming readiness to please every one was so gratefully appreciated and so eminently successful! It was in New York at the house of the venerable Da Ponte, author of the original libretti of 'Don Giovanni' and 'Figaro,' and father of Italian literature in America. Poor girl! she had just married Malibran, and had escaped the terrible paternal dominion to which she had so long been subjected. Ease, affluence, happiness, were apparently before her, and she moved in every circle where she visited, like a thing of light. Coming events had not yet begun to cast their dim shadow before her brilliant path. Alas! that they should so suddenly have enshrouded her in their 'Cimmerian darkness!" Her family had departed for Mexico, and her husband—then supposed to be a 'royal merchant'—was kind, attentive and devoted. It was only to express a desire to hear a favorite opera, and in a moment she was seated at the piano, and all hearts were wrapped in Elysium! 'And now I am here,'—she would say, turning round at the end of every piece she sang, and with an air of such sweet encouragement to the delighted company as influenced the most timid to request what they most desired to hear—'now I am at the piano, what shall I sing next? Don't be afraid, good people, you can never tire me.' And then she would request some one of the young ladies to sing some song, and stand by and turn over the leaves, throwing in a valuable hint here and there, rendered still more valuable by the *manner* in which it was suggested, and, at the conclusion, say such kind, encouraging, flattering things to the delighted trembler, that no one could hesitate to sit at the piano, though even the *prima donna* herself was in the room!

Prized as she was for her brilliant talents, she was valuable still more for her amiable, lively, and unaffected manners. On the first evening I had the pleasure of meeting her at the hospitable mansion of the Italian poet, understanding from his daughter that I was the author of a song embodying the pleasurable feelings arising from hearing the Montero's guitar, as played at night by the travelling Spanish peasant, which had just been published, to my astonishment she took up her guitar and sang it through from memory, in a manner that those only can understand who have heard her throw off the Spanish *canciones* she was so fond of singing in private. I need not say how flattered and delighted I felt, and especially when on my expressing my gratitude to her for the distinction with which she had honored my song, she told me she had often sung it, and entered into a delightful conversation with me on the songs of the Spanish peasantry, accompanying her remarks by little scraps here and there, played and sung after the peculiar fashion of the different districts.

It was a proud night for the venerable Da Ponte, that on which the Italian company opened at New York. An entire Italian opera had never before been played in America. Out of compliment to the poet, 'Don Giovanni'—the libretto of which he had composed so long previously—was chosen; and on his entrance into the stage-box he was recognized by the pupils to whom he had taught the soft language they had assembled to hear for the first time in an American theatre, who all rising, followed by the rest of the audience, cheered him cordially, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, a compliment which was repeated still more enthusiastically on his leaving his box at the fall of the curtain. It was a double triumph for him, both as the author of the libretto which Mozart had married to his immortal music, and the teacher of the language in which it was written to the greater portion of the audience present. When last I saw him, he was engaged on a new libretto—'Don Giovanni in Inferno'—which I have never since heard of. Perhaps the 'Giovanni in London,' which came out soon after, by anticipating the idea, led him to abandon it.

After the failure of her husband, Malibran accepted an engagement at the Bowery theatre in English characters, and her first appearance as Count Bellino, in 'The Devil's Bridge,' attracted a most crowded and fashionable audience, her misfortunes having excited the greatest sympathy. Her accent at that period was nothing near so good as it afterwards became, and it was delightful to hear her investing the gutturaland hissing sounds of the English language with the liquid enunciation of the Italian. The manner in which she pronounced Rosalvina was peculiarly remarkable—Rozzalvina came so off her lips, that I found every one, like myself, repeating it after her. When she called at the treasury for her salary, which was exceedingly high, she was told that it had all been attached by her husband's creditors! The question as to their right was discussed by every one, but the nuisance was somehow compounded, and she finished her engagement.—The next time I saw her was as *prima donna* in Paris and in London.

The Garcias met with but indifferent success, I believe, in Mexico. On their way from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico the whole caravan, consisting of Spaniards, Mexicans, Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, and Americans, and all well armed too, were way-laid by banditti, and taken prisoners. They were robbed of everything valuable, and shockingly ill-used besides, being flogged, and beaten, and dirked, and subjected to every indignity. Old Garcia had counted on his vocation as a safeguard, and was astonished that his consequential announcement of being the great *primo tenore* of all Europe was received with loud laughter and contempt by the brigands, who however, to show they had some 'music in their souls,' amused themselves by making him sing passages from the favorite operas while they were ransacking his trunks and boxes. At every two or three bars he would entreat them to spare his chattels, now entreating them for mercy, and now threatening vengeance upon them, when it was known at Mexico that they had robbed and maltreated the great *primo tenore* of all Europe. Whenever he ceased singing they pricked him with their swords and knives, and beat him till he could no longer stand. Still they insisted on his singing, and it was piteous to see him compelled to sing amidst his misfortunes, in the certainty of losing all his property, and the fear of being assassinated to boot. Alas! what a situation for the great *primo tenore* of all Europe. I had this story from the captain of a British frigate, who was himself sadly used and wounded, and bore evidence of the encounter at the time I met him.—He said, wounded and mortified as he was, and pitying the poor singer from his soul, he could not help laughing at the ludicrous, though truly miserable position of the *primo tenore*, interlarding his supplications for mercy to his goods and chattels with choice specimens of the Italian operas, on compulsion. What a scene it would make in an Opera Buffa!

London Court Journal. W. B. H.

THE SILK CULTURE.

Letter from David Ruggles, Esq. to the Editor of the Journal of the American Institute.

NEWBURGH, January 20, 1837.

Dear Sir—Your letter, making inquiries respecting the mulberry trees cultivated by me, (some of the leaves of which were exhibited at the late fair of the American Institute,) was received soon after its date.

A severe indisposition, under which I was then suffering, and from which I have but recently recovered, will, I hope, be deemed a sufficient apology for so long delaying my reply. In the Journal of the American Institute, for the months of November and December last, I observe my trees are incorrectly designated as the 'Russia mulberry.' This error doubtless arose from the want of correct information, on the part of the person by whom the leaves were delivered to you for exhibition, at a time when I was absent, or from the loss of the labels, which you state were destroyed at the fair. The proper designation is, the 'Brusa mulberry.' Our country is indebted for the introduction of these trees, to Charles Rhind, Esq. of your city, one of the commissioners by whom the late treaty was concluded between the U. States and the Sublime Porte. Mr. Rhind many years since expressed to me his firm conviction, that the period was not remote when the raising of silk would become one of the important branches of American Agriculture. From his extensive general mercantile knowledge, as well as from several years of active engagement in the East, he was aware that the silk of the city of Brusa, was reputed the best in the world. Imputing the high reputation of this silk to the quality of the mulberry leaves upon which the worms were fed, he believed he would, by introducing these trees, render enduring service to his country. Brusa, being in the same latitude as the city of New York, and situated at the foot of Mount Olympus, the summit of which is crowned with perpetual snow, he was impressed with the belief that the mulberry there cultivated would prove more hardy than either the morus multicaulis, or the Italian mulberry, and would better withstand the rigor of our climate. Having attempted, without success, to procure some of the seeds, he purchased and shipped to me, in the winter of 1831, several hundred young trees, all of which died on the voyage.

In the summer of 1832 he obtained, by the aid of an individual, residing at Brusa, with whom he had formed an acquaintance, a parcel of seeds of that year's growth. On his return to this country, Mr. Rhind delivered these seeds to me, and I caused them to be planted in the spring of 1833. My avocations in 1834 prevented my personal attention to the young trees and they were suffered to remain in the seed bed, owing to which their growth was very much retarded. In the spring of 1835, I caused them to be cut down near to the root, and transplanted. In this operation I am not aware that I have lost a tree; I have now of the original trees, and those grown from the cuttings which I then caused to be planted, about twenty thousand.

The accuracy of Mr. Rhind's conjecture, with regard to the hardy nature of the Brusa mulberry, has been fully proved by experience. Every one will admit, that the winters of 1833, '34 and '5 have been unusually cold and severe, and yet not a limb of these trees has been affected by frost, while those of the Italian mulberry, standing side by side with them, have been destroyed. Indeed, I cannot discover but that they have endured the severity of the winters, with as little injury as any of the trees of our forests.

Whether the silk to be made from the Brusa mulberry in this country, is to sustain the high character of that produced from them in their native soil, remains to be tested. My engagements have been such that I could not devote any attention to the rearing of silk worms, although for the last season, I have had abundance of food for them. It is proper, however, for me to state, that a woman in this village, who kept last summer several thousand worms, and to whom I gave for a time a supply of leaves, informed me that the worms exhibited an evident preference for the leaves of the Brusa, over those of the Italian mulberry.

Many of my trees, although small when cut down and transplanted in May, 1835, now measure more than eight feet in height, and an inch in diameter. A parcel both of the trees and cuttings, planted in a portion of my garden, upon which the earth taken from a well, dug the preceding winter, had been deposited, have grown more vigorously than a principal part of the others, placed upon old soil, for several years manured and cultivated as a garden. I have preserved some of the leaves of the last season's growth from the most thrifty of my trees. On measuring them, I find many of the largest to be six and a half inches in length, and five and a half in breadth. Those of the growth of 1835 were about an inch smaller.

I intend, in the ensuing spring, to plant out six or eight thousand of my largest trees upon my farm in Coldenham, and again to cut down all my smaller ones, for the purpose of increasing my stock by planting the cuttings.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours. DAVID RUGGLES.

To T. B. Wakeman, Esq.

A Knowing 'Coon.—The passengers, coming down the Mississippi in a steamboat, were shooting birds, etc. on shore from the deck. Some sportsman converse ensued, in which one remarked that he would turn his back to no one in killing raccoons—that he had repeatedly shot fifty in a day.

'What o' that?' said a Kentuckian; 'I make nothing of killing a hundred 'coon a day, ord'nary luck.'

'Do you know Capt. Scott, of our State?' asked a Tennessean by-stander. 'He, now, is something like a shot. A hundred 'coon! Why, he never pints at one without hitting him. He never misses, and the 'coons know it. To'ther day he levelled at an old 'un in a high tree. The varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out—'Hello, Captain Scott! is that you?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, dont shoot,' said he; 'it's no use! hold on; I'll come down; and give in!' which he did.'

It is unnecessary to add that this was the last hunting story.

Knickerbocker.

John Quincy Adams.—The private Memoirs and Journal of this venerable statesman already fill *seventy* MS. volumes.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1837.

The Twenty-Fifth Congress commenced its first regular Session at the Capitol on Monday. In the Senate, Vice President Johnson took the Chair at 12 M. and the Secretary called the roll, when thirty-four Senators answered to their names. A quorum was declared, and Messrs. Wright of N. Y. and Knight of R. I. appointed to wait on the President in behalf of the Senate, with the usual assurances. Adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Speaker Polk took the Chair at 12, and the Clerk called the roll. One hundred and sixty-four Members responded. There being a quorum, Messrs. Muhlenberg of Pa. Grantland of Ga. and Whittlesey of Ohio were appointed to join with the deputation from the Senate in informing the President that Congress was ready to receive any communication. The House then adjourned.

At 12 o'clock on the following morning, the President transmitted to both Houses the following:

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

To the two Houses, at the commencement of the Second Session of the Twenty-Fifth Congress.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate
and House of Representatives:

We have reason to renew the expression of our devout gratitude to the Giver of all good for his benign protection. Our country presents on every side the evidences of that continued favor under whose auspices it has gradually risen from a few feeble and dependent colonies to a prosperous and powerful confederacy. We are blessed with domestic tranquility and all the elements of national prosperity. The pestilence which, invading for a time some flourishing portions of the Union, interrupted the general prevalence of unusual health, has happily been limited in extent and arrested in its fatal career. The industry and prudence of our citizens are gradually relieving them from the pecuniary embarrassments under which portions of them have labored; judicious legislation, and the natural and boundless resources of the country, have afforded wise and timely aid to private enterprise; and the activity always characteristic of our people has already in a great degree resumed its usual and profitable channels.

The condition of our foreign relations has not materially changed, since the last annual message of my predecessor.—We remain at peace with all nations; and no efforts on my part, consistent with the preservation of our rights and the honor of our country, shall be spared to maintain a position so consonant to our institutions. We have faithfully sustained the foreign policy with which the United States, under the guidance of their first President, took their stand in the family of nations—that of regulating their intercourse with other powers by the approved principles of private life; asking and according equal rights and equal privileges; rendering and demanding justice in all cases; advancing their own and discussing the pretensions of others, with candor, directness and sincerity; appealing at all times to reason, but never yielding to force, nor seeking to acquire any thing for themselves by its exercise.

A rigid adherence to this policy has left this government with scarcely a claim upon its justice, for injuries arising from acts committed by its authority. The most imposing and perplexing of those of the United States upon foreign governments for aggressions upon our citizens, were disposed of by my predecessor. Independently of the benefits conferred upon our citizens by restoring to the mercantile community so many millions of which they had been wrongfully divested, a great service was also rendered to his country by the satisfactory adjustment of so many ancient and irritating subjects of contention; and it reflects no ordinary credit on his successful administration of public affairs, that this great object was accomplished, without compromising, on any occasion, either the honor or the peace of the nation.

With European powers, no new subjects of difficulty have arisen; and those which were under discussion, although not terminated, do not present a more unfavorable aspect for the future preservation of that good understanding which it has ever been our desire to cultivate.

Of pending questions, the most important is that which exists with the government of Great Britain, in respect to our northeastern boundary. It is with unfeigned regret that the people of the United States must look back upon the abortive efforts made by the Executive, for a period of more than half a century, to determine, what no nation should suffer long to remain in dispute, the true line which divides its possessions from those of other powers. The nature of the settlement on the borders of the United States, and of the neighboring territory, was for a season such, that this perhaps was not indispensable to a faithful performance of the duties of the federal government.

Time has, however, changed this state of things; and has brought about a condition of affairs, in which the true interests of both countries imperatively require that this question should be put at rest. It is not to be disguised, that with full confidence, often expressed, in the desire of the British Government to terminate it, we are apparently as far from its adjustment as we were at the time of signing the treaty of peace in 1783. The sole result of long pending negotiations, and a perplexing arbitration, appears to be a conviction, on its part, that a conventional line must be adopted, from the impossibility of ascertaining the true one according to the description contained in that treaty. Without coinciding in this opinion, which is not thought to be well founded, my predecessor gave the strongest proof of the earnest desire of the United States to terminate satisfactorily this dispute, by proposing the substitution of a conventional line, if the consent of the states interested in the question could be obtained.

To this proposition, no answer has as yet been received.—The attention of the British government, however, has been earnestly invited to the subject, and its reply cannot, I am confident, be much longer delayed. The general relations between Great Britain and the United States are of the most friendly character, and I am well satisfied of the sincere disposition of that government to maintain them upon their present footing. This disposition has also, I am persuaded, become more general with the people of England than at any previous period. It is scarcely necessary to say to you, how cordially it is reciprocated by the government and the people of the United States. The conviction which must be common to all, of the injurious consequences that result from keeping open this irritating question, and the certainty that its final settlement cannot be much longer deferred, will, I trust, lead to an early and satisfactory adjustment. At your last session I laid before you the recent communications between the two governments, and between this government and that of the State of Maine, in whose solicitude, concerning a subject in which she has so deep an interest, every portion of the Union participates.

The feelings produced by a temporary interruption of those harmonious relations between France and the United States, which are due as well to the recollections of former times as to a correct appreciation of existing interests, have been happily succeeded by a cordial disposition on both sides to cultivate an active friendship in their future intercourse. The opinion, undoubtedly correct, and steadily entertained by us, that the commercial relations at present existing between the two countries, are susceptible of great and reciprocally beneficial improvements, is obviously gaining ground in France; and I am assured of the disposition of that government to favor the accomplishment of such an object. This disposition shall be met in a proper spirit on our part. The few and comparatively unimportant questions that remain to be adjusted between us, can, I have no doubt, be settled with entire satisfaction, and without difficulty.

Between Russia and the United States, sentiments of good will continue to be mutually cherished. Our minister recently accredited to that Court, has been received with a frankness and cordiality, and with evidences of respect for his country which leave us no room to doubt the preservation in future of those amicable and liberal relations which have so long and so uninterruptedly existed between the two countries. On the few subjects under discussion between us, an early and just decision is confidently anticipated.

A correspondence has been opened with the government of Austria, for the establishment of diplomatic relations, in conformity with the wishes of Congress, as indicated by an appropriation act of the session of 1837, and arrangements made for the purpose, which will be duly carried into effect.

With Austria and Prussia, and with the States of the German Empire, now composing with the latter the Commercial League, our political relations are of the most friendly character, while our commercial intercourse is gradually extending, with benefit to all who are engaged in it.

Civil war yet rages in Spain, producing intense suffering to its own people, and to other nations inconvenience and regret. Our citizens who have claims upon that country will be prejudiced for a time by the condition of its treasury, the inevitable consequence of long-continued and exhausting internal wars. The last instalment of the interest of the debt due under the convention with the Queen of Spain has not been paid; and similar failures may be expected to happen until a portion of the resources of her kingdom can be devoted to the extinguishment of its foreign debt.

Having received satisfactory evidence that discriminating tonnage duties were charged upon vessels of the United States in the ports of Portugal, a proclamation was issued on the 11th day of October last, in compliance with the act of May 25, 1832, declaring that fact, and the duties on foreign tonnage which were levied upon Portuguese vessels in the United States, previously to the passage of that act are accordingly revived.

The act of July 4, 1836, suspending the discriminating duties upon the produce of Portugal imported into this country in Portuguese vessels, was passed upon the application of that government, through its representative here, under the belief that no similar discrimination existed in Portugal to the prejudice of the United States. I regret to state that such duties are now exacted in that country, upon the cargoes of American vessels; and as the act referred to vests no discretion in the Executive, it is for Congress to determine upon the expediency of further legislation upon the subject.—Against these discriminations affecting the vessels of this country and their cargoes, seasonable remonstrance was made, and notice was given to the Portuguese Government, that unless they should be discontinued, the adoption of countervailing measures on the part of the United States would become necessary; but the reply of that Government, received at the Department of State through our Charge d'Affaires at Lisbon, in the month of September last, afforded no ground to hope for the abandonment of a system, so little in harmony with the treatment shown to the vessels of Portugal and their cargoes in the ports of this country, and so contrary to the expectations we had a right to entertain.

With Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Naples and Belgium, a friendly intercourse has been uninterruptedly maintained.

With the Government of the Ottoman Porte and its dependencies on the coast of the Mediterranean, peace and good will are carefully cultivated, and have been fostered by such good offices as the relative distance and the condition of those countries would permit.

Our commerce with Greece is carried on under the laws of the two Governments, reciprocally beneficial to the navigating interests of both; and I have reason to look forward to the adoption of other measures which will be more extensively and permanently advantageous.

Copies of the treaties concluded with the governments of Siam and Muscat are transmitted for the information of Congress, the ratifications having been received, and the treaties made public, since the close of the last annual session. Already have we reason to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of considerable commercial benefit; and we have besides, received from the Sultan of Muscat prompt evidence of his desire to cultivate the most friendly feelings, by liberal acts toward one of our vessels, bestowed in a manner so striking as to require on our part a grateful acknowledgment.

Our commerce with the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico still labors under heavy restrictions, the continuance of which is a subject of regret. The only effect of an adherence to them will be to benefit the navigation of other countries, at the expense both of the United States and Spain.

The independent nations of this continent have, ever since they emerged from the colonial state, experienced severe trials in their progress to the permanent establishment of liberal political institutions. Their unsettled condition not only interrupts their own advances to prosperity, but has often seriously injured the other powers of the world. The claims of our citizens upon Peru, Chili, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, the governments formed out of the republics of Columbia, and Mexico, are still pending, although many of them have been presented for examination more than twenty years. New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador, have recently formed a convention for the purpose of ascertaining and adjusting the claims upon the republic of Colombia, from which it is earnestly hoped our citizens will, ere long, receive full compensation for the injuries originally inflicted upon them, and for the delay in affording it.

An advantageous treaty of commerce has been concluded by the United States with the Peru-Bolivian Confederation, which wants only the ratification of that Government. The progress of a subsequent negotiation for the settlement of claims upon Peru, has been unfavorably affected by the war between that power and Chili, and the Argentine Republic; and the same event is likely to produce delays in the settlement of our demands on those powers.

The aggravating circumstances connected with our claims upon Mexico, and a variety of events touching the honor and integrity of our government, led my predecessor to make, at the second session of the last Congress, a special recommendation of the course to be pursued to obtain a speedy and final satisfaction of the injuries complained of by this Government and by our citizens. He recommended a final demand of redress, with a contingent authority to the Executive to make reprisals, if that demand should be made in vain. From the proceedings of Congress on that recommendation, it appeared, that the opinion of both branches of the Legislature coincided with that of the Executive, that any mode of redress known to the law of nations might justifiably be used. It was obvious, too, that Congress believed, with the President, that another demand should be made, in order to give undeniable and satisfactory proof of our desire to avoid extremities with a neighboring power; but that there was an indisposition to vest a discretionary authority in the Executive to take redress, should it unfortunately be either denied or unreasonably delayed by the Mexican Government.

So soon as the necessary documents were prepared, after entering upon the duties of my office, a special messenger was sent to Mexico, to make a final demand of redress, with the documents required by the provisions of our treaty. The demand was made on the 20th of July last. The reply, which bears date the 29th of the same month, contains assurances of a desire, on the part of that Government, to give a prompt and explicit answer respecting each of the complaints, but that the examination of them would necessarily be deliberate; that in this examination, it would be guided by the principles of public law and the obligation of treaties; that nothing should be left undone that might lend to the most equitable adjustment of our demands; and that its determination, in respect to each case, should be communicated through the Mexican minister here.

Since that time, an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary has been accredited to this Government by that of the Mexican Republic. He brought with him assurances of a sincere desire that the pending differences between the two Governments should be terminated in a manner satisfactory to both. He was received with reciprocal assurances; and a hope was entertained that his mission would lead to a speedy, satisfactory, and final adjustment of all existing subjects of complaint. A sincere believer in the wisdom of the pacific policy by which the United States have always been governed in their intercourse with foreign nations, it was my particular desire, from the proximity of the Mexican Republic, and well known occurrences on our frontier, to be instrumental in obviating all existing difficulties with that government, and in restoring to the intercourse between the two republics, that liberal and friendly character by which they should always be distinguished. I regret, therefore, the more deeply, to have found in the recent communications of that government, so little reason to hope that any efforts of mine for the accomplishment of those desirable objects would be successful.

Although the larger number, and many of them aggravated cases of personal wrongs have been now for years before the Mexican Government, and some of the causes of national complaint, and those of the most offensive character, admitted of immediate, simple and satisfactory replies, it is only within a few days past that any specific communication in answer to our last demand, made five months ago, has been received from the Mexican Minister. By the report of the Secretary of State, herewith presented, and the accompanying documents, it will be seen, that for not one of our public complaints has satisfaction been given or offered; that but one of the cases of personal wrong has been favorably considered; and that but four cases of both descriptions, out of all those formally presented, and earnestly pressed, have as yet been decided upon by the Mexican Government.

Not perceiving in what manner any of the powers given to the Executive alone could be farther usefully employed in bringing this unfortunate controversy to a satisfactory termination the subject was, by my predecessor, referred to Congress, as one calling for its interposition. In accordance with the clearly understood wishes of the legislature, another and formal demand for satisfaction has been made upon the Mexican government, with what success the documents now communicated will show. On a careful and deliberate examination of their contents, and considering the spirit manifested by the Mexican government, it has become my painful duty to return the subject, as it now stands, to Congress, to whom it belongs to decide upon the time, the mode, and the measure of redress. Whatever may be your decision, it shall be faithfully executed, confident that it will be characterized by that moderation and justice which will, I trust, under all circumstances, govern the councils of our country.

The balance in the Treasury on the first day of January, 1837, was forty-five millions nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand five hundred and twenty-three dollars. The receipts during the present year from all sources, including the amount of treasury notes issued, are estimated at twenty-three millions four hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one dollars, constituting an aggregate of sixty-nine millions four hundred and sixty-eight thousand five hundred and four dollars. Of this amount, about thirty-five millions two hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and sixty-one dollars will have been expended at the end of the year on appropriations made by Congress; and the residue, amounting to thirty-four millions one hundred and eighty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-three dollars, will be the nominal balance in the treasury on the first of January next. But of that sum, only one million eighty five thousand four hundred and ninety-eight dollars is considered as immediately available for, and applicable to, public purposes.

Those portions of it which will be for some time unavailable, consist chiefly of sums deposited with the States, and due from the former deposite banks. The details upon this subject will be found in the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The amount of treasury notes which it will be necessary to issue during the year on account of those funds being unavailable, will, it is supposed, not exceed four and a half millions. It seemed proper, in the condition of the country, to have the estimates on all subjects made as low as practicable, without prejudice to any great public measures. The Departments were, therefore, desired to prepare their estimates accordingly; and I am happy to find that they have been able to graduate them on so economical a scale.

In the great and often unexpected fluctuations to which the revenue is subjected, it is not possible to compute the receipts beforehand with great certainty; but should they not differ essentially from present anticipations, and should the appropriations not much exceed the estimates, no difficulty seems likely to happen in defraying the current expenses with promptitude and fidelity.

Notwithstanding the great embarrassments which have recently occurred in commercial affairs, and the liberal indulgence which, in consequence of these embarrassments, has been extended to both the merchants and the banks, it is gratifying to be able to anticipate that the treasury notes, which have been issued during the present year, will be redeemed, and that the resources of the treasury, without any resort to loans or increased taxes, will prove ample for defraying all charges imposed on it during 1838.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury will afford you a more minute exposition of all matters connected with the administration of the finances during the current year; a period which, for the amount of public moneys disbursed and deposited with the States, as well as the financial difficulties encountered and overcome, has few parallels in our history.

Your attention was, at the last session, invited to the necessity of additional legislative provisions in respect to the collection, safe keeping, and transfer of the public money. No law having been then matured, and not understanding the proceedings of Congress as intended to be final, it becomes my duty again to bring the subject to your notice.

On that occasion, three modes of performing this branch of the public service were presented for consideration. These were, the creation of a national bank; the revival, with modifications, of the deposite system established by the act of the 23d of June, 1836, permitting the use of the public moneys by the banks; and the discontinuance of the use of such institutions for the purposes referred to, with suitable provisions for their accomplishment through the agency of public officers. Considering the opinions of both Houses of Congress on the two first propositions as expressed in the negative, in which I entirely concur, it is unnecessary for me again to recur to them. In respect to the last, you have had an opportunity since your adjournment, not only to test still farther the expediency of the measure, by the continued practical operation of such parts of it as are now in force, but also to discover—what should ever be sought for and regarded with the utmost deference—the opinions and wishes of the people.

The national will is the supreme law of the Republic, and on all subjects within the limits of his constitutional powers, should be faithfully obeyed by the public servant. Since the measure in question was submitted to your consideration, most of you have enjoyed the advantage of personal communication with your constituents. For one State only has an election been held for the Federal Government; but the early day at which it took place, deprives the measure under consideration of much of the support it might otherwise have derived from the result. Local elections for State officers have, however, been held in several of the States, at which the expediency of the plan proposed by the Executive has been more or less discussed. You will, I am confident, yield to their results the respect due to every expression of the public voice. Desiring, however, to arrive at truth and a just view of the subject in all its bearings, you will at the same time remember, that questions of far deeper and more immediate local interest than the fiscal plans of the national treasury were involved in those elections.

Above all, we cannot overlook the striking fact that there were at the time in those States more than one hundred and sixty millions of bank capital, of which large portions were subject to actual forfeiture—other large portions upheld only by special and limited legislative indulgences—and most of it, if not all, to a greater or less extent, dependent for a continuance of its corporate existence upon the will of the State legislatures to be then chosen. Apprised of this circumstance, you will judge whether it is not most probable that the peculiar condition of that vast interest in these respects, the extent to which it has been spread through all the ramifications of society, its direct connection with the then pending elections, and the feelings it was calculated to infuse into the canvass, have not exercised a far greater influence over the result than any which could possibly have been produced by a conflict of opinion in respect to a question in the administration of the General Government, more remote and far less important in its bearings upon that interest.

I have found no reason to change my own opinion as to the expediency of adopting the system proposed, being perfectly satisfied that there will be neither stability nor safety, either in the fiscal affairs of the government, or in the pecuniary transactions of individuals and corporations, so long as a connection exists between them, which, like the past, offers such strong inducements to make them the subjects of political agitation. Indeed, I am more than ever convinced of the dangers to which the free and unbiassed exercise of political opinion—the only sure foundation and safeguard of republican government—would be exposed by any further increase of the already overgrown influence of corporate authorities. I cannot, therefore, consistently with my views of duty, advise a renewal of a connection which circumstances have dissolved.

The discoptinuance of the use of State banks for fiscal purposes ought not to be regarded as a measure of hostility toward these institutions. Banks properly established and conducted, are highly useful to the business of the country, and doubtless will continue to exist in the states so long as they conform to their laws, and are found to be safe and beneficial. How they should be created, what privileges they should enjoy, under what responsibilities they should act, and to what restrictions they should be subject, are questions which, as I observed on a precious occasion, belong to the states to decide. Upon their rights, or the exercise of them, the general government can have no motive to encroach. Its duty toward them is well performed, when it refrains from legislating for their special benefit, because such legislation would violate the spirit of the constitution, and be unjust to other interests; when it takes no steps to impair their usefulness, but so manages its own affairs as to make it the interest of those institutions to strengthen and improve their condition for the security and welfare of the community at large. They have no right to insist on a connection with the federal government, nor on the use of the public money for their own benefit.

The object of the measure under consideration is, to avoid for the future a compulsory connection of this kind. It proposes to place the general government, in regard to the essential points of the collection, safe keeping and transfer of the public money in a situation which shall relieve it from all dependence on the will of irresponsible individuals or corporations; to withdraw those moneys from the uses of private trade, and confine them to agents constitutionally selected and controlled by law; to abstain from improper interference with the industry of the people, and withhold inducements to improvident dealings on the part of individuals; to give stability to the concerns of the Treasury; to preserve the measures of the government from the unavoidable reproaches that flow from such a connection, and the banks themselves from the injurious effects of a supposed participation in the political conflicts of the day, from which they will otherwise find it difficult to escape.

These are my views upon this important subject: formed after careful reflection, and with no desire but to arrive at what is most likely to promote the public interest. They are now, as they were before, submitted with unfeigned deference for the opinions of others. It was hardly to be hoped that changes so important, on a subject so interesting, could be made without producing a serious diversity of opinion; but so long as those conflicting views are kept above the influence of individual or local interests; so long as they pursue only the general good, and are discussed with moderation and candor, such diversity is a benefit, not an injury. If a majority of Congress see the public welfare in a different light; and more especially if they should be satisfied that the measure proposed would not be acceptable to the people; I shall look to their wisdom to substitute such as may be more conducive to the one and more satisfactory to the other. In any event, they may confidently rely on my hearty co operation to the fullest extent which my views of the constitution and my sense of duty will permit.

It is obviously important to this branch of the public service, and to the business and quiet of the country, that the whole subject should in some way be settled and regulated by law; and, if possible, at your present session. Besides the plan above referred to, I am not aware that any one has been suggested, except that of keeping the public money in the State banks in special deposite. This plan is, to some extent, in accordance with the practice of the Government, and with the present arrangement of the Treasury Department; which, except, perhaps, during the operation of the late deposite act, has always been allowed, even during the existence of a National Bank, to make a temporary use of the State banks, in particular places, for the safe-keeping of portions of the revenue.

This discretionary power might be continued, if Congress deem it desirable, whatever general system may be adopted. So long as the connection is voluntary, we need perhaps anticipate few of those difficulties, and little of that dependence on the banks, which must attend every such connection when compulsory in its nature, and when so arranged as to make the banks a fixed part of the machinery of government. It is undoubtedly in the power of congress so to regulate and guard it as to prevent the public money from being applied to the use, or intermingled with the affairs, of individuals. Thus arranged, although it would not give to the government that control over its own funds which I desire to secure to it by the plan I have proposed, it would, it must be admitted, in a great degree, accomplish one of the objects which has recommended that plan to my judgement—the separation of the fiscal concerns of the government from those of individuals or corporations.

With these observations, I recommend the whole matter to your dispassionate reflection; confidently hoping that some conclusion may be reached by your deliberations, which, on the one hand, shall give safety and stability to the fiscal operations of the government, and be consistent, on the other, with the genius of our institutions, and with the interests and wishes of the great mass of our constituents.

It was my hope that nothing would occur to make necessary, on this occasion, any allusion to the late national bank. There are circumstances, however, connected with the present state of its affairs, that bear so directly on the character of the government and the welfare of the citizen, that I should not feel myself excused in neglecting to notice them. The charter which terminated its banking privileges on the fourth of March, 1836, continued its corporate powers two years more, for the sole purpose of closing its affairs, with authority "to use the corporate name, style and capacity, for the purpose of suits, for a final settlement and liquidation of the affairs and acts of the corporation, and for the sale and disposition of their estate, real, personal and mixed, but for no other purpose or in any other manner whatsoever." Just before the banking privileges ceased, its effects were transferred by the bank to a new state institution, then recently incorporated,

in trust, for the discharge of its debts and the settlement of its affairs.

With this trustee, by authority of Congress, an adjustment was subsequently made of the large interest which the government had in the stock of the institution. The manner in which a trust unexpectedly created upon the act granting the charter, and involving such great public interests, has been executed, would, under any circumstances, be a fit subject of inquiry; but much more does it deserve your attention when it embraces the redemption of obligations to which the authority and credit of the United States have given value. The two years allowed are now nearly at an end. It is well understood that the trustee has not redeemed and cancelled the outstanding notes of the Bank, but has re-issued, and is actually re-issuing, since the 3d of March, 1836, the notes which have been received by it to a vast amount.

According to its own official statement, so late as the first of October last, nineteen months after the banking privileges given by the charter had expired, it had under its control uncancelled notes of the late bank of the United States to the amount of twenty-seven millions five hundred and sixty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six dollars, of which six millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-one dollars were in actual circulation, one million four hundred and sixty-eight thousand six hundred and twenty-seven dollars at state bank agencies, and three million two thousand three hundred and ninety dollars *in transitu*; thus showing that upward of ten millions and a half of the notes of the old bank were then still kept outstanding.

The impropriety of this procedure is obvious: it being the duty of the trustee to cancel and not to put forth the notes of an institution, whose concerns it had undertaken to wind up. If the trustee has a right to reissue these notes now, I can see no reason why he may not continue to do so after the expiration of the two years. As no one could have anticipated a course so extraordinary, the prohibitory clause of the charter above quoted was not accompanied by any penalty or other special provision for enforcing it; nor have we any general law for the prevention of similar acts in future.

But it is not in this view of the subject alone that your interposition is required. The United States, in settling with the trustee for their stock, have withdrawn their funds from their former direct liability to the creditors of the old bank, yet notes of the institution continue to be sent forth in its name, and apparently upon the authority of the United States. The transactions connected with the employment of the bills of the old bank are of vast extent; and should they result unfortunately, the interests of individuals may be deeply compromised. Without undertaking to decide how far, or in what form, if any, the trustee could be made liable for notes which contain no obligation on his part; or the old bank, for such as are put in circulation after the expiration of its charter, and without its authority; or the government for indemnity, in case of loss, the question still presses itself upon your consideration, whether it is consistent with duty and good faith on the part of the government, to witness this proceeding without a single effort to arrest it.

The report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, which will be laid before you by the Secretary of the Treasury, will show how the affairs of that office have been conducted for the past year. The disposition of the public lands is one of the most important trusts confided to Congress. The practicability of retaining the title and control of such extensive domains in the General Government, and at the same time admitting the territories embracing them into the Federal Union as co-equals with the original States, was seriously doubted by many of our wisest statesmen. All feared that they would become a source of discord, and many carried their apprehensions so far as to see in them the seeds of a future dissolution of the Confederacy. But happily our experience has already been sufficient to quiet, in a great degree, all such apprehensions. The position, at one time assumed—that the admission of new States into the Union on the same footing with the original States, was incompatible with a right of soil in the United States, and operated as a surrender thereof, notwithstanding the terms of the compacts by which their admission was designed to be regulated—has been wisely abandoned.

Whether in the new or the old States, all now agree that the right of soil to the public lands remains in the federal government, and that these lands constitute a common property, to be disposed of for the common benefit of all the States, old and new. Acquiescence in this just principle by the people of the new States has naturally promoted a disposition to adopt the most liberal policy in the sale of the public lands. A policy which should be limited to the mere object of selling the lands for the greatest possible sum of money, without regard to higher considerations, finds but few advocates. On the contrary, it is generally conceded, that while the mode of disposition adopted by the government, should always be a prudent one, yet its leading object ought to be the early settlement and cultivation of the lands sold; and that it should discountenance, if it cannot prevent, the accumulation of large tracts in the same hands, which must necessarily retard the growth of the new States, or entail upon them a dependent territory and its attendant evils.

A question embracing such important interests, and so well calculated to enlist the feelings of the people in every quarter of the union, has very naturally given rise to numerous plans for the improvement of the existing system. The distinctive features of the policy that has hitherto prevailed, are, to dispose of the public lands at moderate prices, thus enabling a greater number to enter into competition for their purchase, and accomplishing a double object of promoting their rapid settlement by the purchasers, and at the same time increasing the receipts of the Treasury; to sell for cash, thereby preventing the disturbing influence of a large mass of private citizens indebted to the government which they have a voice in controlling; to bring them into market no faster than good lands are supposed to be wanted for improvements, thereby preventing the accumulation of large tracts in few hands; and to apply the proceeds of the sales to the general purposes of the government; thus diminishing the amount to be raised from the people of the States by taxation, and giving each State its portion of the benefits to be derived from this common fund in a manner the most quiet, and, at the same time, perhaps, the most equitable that can be devised.

These provisions, with occasional enactments in behalf of special interests deemed entitled to the favor of Government, have, in their execution, produced results as beneficial upon the whole as could reasonably be expected in a matter so vast, so complicated, and so exciting. Upward of seventy millions of acres have been sold, the greater part of which is believed to have been purchased for actual settlement. The population of the new States and Territories created out of the public domain, increased between 1800 and 1830 from less than sixty thousand to upward of two millions three hundred thousand souls, constituting, at the latter period, about one-fifth of the whole people of the United States. The increase since cannot be accurately known, but the whole may now be safely estimated at over three and a half millions of souls; composing nine States, the representatives of which constitute above one-third of the Senate, and over one-sixth of the House of Representatives of the United States.

Thus has been formed a body of free and independent landholders, with a rapidity unequalled in the history of mankind; and this great result has been produced without leaving any thing for future adjustment between the government and its citizens. The system under which so much has been accomplished cannot be intrinsically bad, and with occasional modifications, to correct abuses and adapt it to changes of circumstances, may, I think, be safely trusted for the future. There is, in the management of such extensive interests, much virtue in stability; and although great and obvious improvements should not be declined, changes should never be made without the fullest examination, and the clearest demonstration of their practical utility.

In the history of the past, we have an assurance that this safe rule of action will not be departed from in relation to the public lands; nor is it believed that any necessity exists for interfering with the fundamental principles of the system, or that the public mind, even in the new States, is desirous of any radical alterations. On the contrary, the general disposition appears to be, to make such modifications and additions only as will more effectually carry out the original policy of filling our new States and Territories with an industrious and independent population.

The modification most perseveringly pressed upon Congress, which has occupied so much of its time for years past, and will probably do so for a long time to come, if not sooner satisfactorily adjusted, is a reduction in the cost of such portions of the public lands as are ascertained to be unsaleable at the rate now established by law, and a graduation, according to their relative value, of the prices at which they may hereafter be sold. It is worthy of consideration whether justice may not be done to every interest in this matter, and a vexed question set at rest, perhaps for ever, by a reasonable compromise of conflicting opinions. Hitherto, after being offered at public sale, lands have been disposed of at one uniform price, whatever difference there might be in their intrinsic value.

The leading considerations urged in favor the measure referred to, are, that in almost all the land districts, and particularly in those in which the lands have been long surveyed and exposed to sale, there are still remaining numerous and large tracts of every gradation of value, from the government price downward; that these lands will not be purchased at the government price, so long as better can be conveniently obtained for the same amount; that there are large tracts which even the improvements of the adjacent lands will never raise to that price; and that the present uniform price, combined with their irregular value, operates to prevent a desirable compactness of settlement in the new States and to retard the full developement of that wise policy on which our land system is founded, to the injury not only of the several States where the lands lie, but of the United States as a whole.

The remedy proposed has been a reduction in prices according to the length of time the lands have been in market, without reference to any other circumstances. The certainty that the efflux of time would not always in such cases, and perhaps not even generally, furnish a true criterion of value; and the probability that persons residing in the vicinity, as the period for the reduction of prices approached, would postpone purchases they would otherwise make, for the purpose of availing themselves of the lower price, with other considerations of a similar character, have hitherto been successfully urged to defeat the graduation upon time.

May not all reasonable desires upon this subject be satisfied without encountering any of these objections? All will concede the abstract principle, that the price of the public lands should be proportioned to their relative value, so far as that can be accomplished, without departing from the rule heretofore observed, requiring fixed prices in cases of private entries. The difficulty of the subject seems to lie in the mode of ascertaining what that value is. Would not the safest plan be that which has been adopted by many of the States as to the basis of taxation—an actual valuation of lands and classification of them into different rates?

Would it not be practicable and expedient to cause the relative value of the public lands in the old districts, which have been for a certain length of time in market, to be appraised and classed into two or more rates below the present minimum price, by the officers now employed in this branch of the public service, or in any other mode deemed preferable, and to make those prices permanent, if upon the coming in of the report they shall prove satisfactory to Congress? Cannot all the objects of graduation be accomplished in this way, and the objections which have hitherto been urged against it, avoided? It would seem to me that such a step, with a restriction of the sales to limited quantities, and for actual improvement, would be free from all just exception.

By the full exposition of the value of the lands thus furnished and extensively promulgated, persons living at a distance would be informed of their true condition, and enabled to enter into competition with those residing in the vicinity; the means of acquiring an independent home would be brought within the reach of many who are unable to purchase at present prices; the population of the new States would be more compact, and large tracts would be sold which would otherwise remain on hand; not only would the land be brought within the means of a large number of purchasers, but many persons possessed of greater means would be content to settle on a larger quantity of the poorer lands, rather than emigrate farther west in pursuit of a smaller quantity of better lands.

Such a measure would also seem to be more consistent with the policy of the existing laws—that of converting the public domain into cultivated farms owned by their occupants. That policy is not best promoted by sending emigration up the almost interminable streams of the West, to occupy in groups the best spots of land, leaving immense wastes behind them, and enlarging the frontier beyond the means of the government to afford it adequate protection; but in encouraging it to occupy, with reasonable denseness, the territory over which it advances, and find its best defence in the compact front which it presents to the Indian tribes. Many of you will bring to the consideration of the subject the advantage of local knowledge and greater experience, and all will be desirous of making an early and final disposition of every disturbing question in regard to this important interest. If these suggestions shall in any degree contribute to the accomplishment of so important a result, it will afford me sincere satisfaction.

In some sections of the country most of the public lands have been sold, and the registers and receivers have very little to do. It is a subject worthy of inquiry whether, in many cases, two or more districts may not be consolidated, and the number of persons employed in this business considerably reduced. Indeed, the time will come when it will be the true policy of the general government, as to some of the States, to transfer to them, for a reasonable equivalent, all the refuse and unsold lands, and to withdraw the machinery of the federal land offices altogether. All who take a comprehensive view of our federal system, and believe that one of its greatest excellencies consists in interfering as little as possible with the internal concerns of the states, look forward with great interest to this result.

A modification of the existing laws in respect to the prices of the public lands, might also have a favorable influence on the legislation of Congress, in relation to another branch of the subject. Many who have not the ability to buy at present prices, settle on those lands, with the hope of acquiring from their cultivation the means of purchasing under pre-emption laws, from time to time passed by Congress. For this encroachment on the rights of the United States, they excuse themselves under the plea of their own necessities; the fact that they dispossess nobody, and only enter upon the waste domain; that they give additional value to the public lands, in their vicinity, and their intention ultimately to pay the government price. So much weight has from time to time been attached to these considerations, that Congress have passed laws giving actual settlers on the public lands a right of pre-emption to the tracts occupied by them, at the minimum price.

These laws have in all instances been retrospective in their operation; but in a few years after their passage, crowds of new settlers have been found on the public lands, for similar reasons, and under like expectations, who have been indulged with the same privilege. This course of legislation tends to impair public respect for the laws of the country. Either the laws to prevent intrusion upon the public lands should be executed, or, if that should be impracticable or inexpedient, they should be modified or repealed. If the public lands are to be considered as open to be occupied by any, they should, by law, be thrown open to all.

That which is intended, in all instances, to be legalized, should at once be made legal, that those who are disposed to conform to the laws may enjoy at least equal privileges with those who are not. But it is not believed to be the disposition of Congress to open the public lands to occupancy without regular entries and payment of the government price, as such a course must tend to worse evils than the credit system, which it was found necessary to abolish.

It would seem, therefore, to be the part of wisdom and sound policy to remove, as far as practicable, the causes which produce intrusions upon the public lands, and then take efficient steps to prevent them in future. Would any single measure be so effective in removing all plausible grounds for these intrusions as the graduation of price already suggested? A short period of industry and economy in any part of our country would enable the poorest citizen to accumulate the means to buy him a home at the lower prices, and leave him without apology for settling on land not his own. If he did not, under such circumstances, he would enlist no sympathy in his favor; and the laws would be readily executed, without doing violence to public opinion.

A large portion of our citizens have seated themselves on the public lands, without authority, since the passage of the last pre-emption law, and now ask the enactment of another, to enable them to retain the lands occupied, upon payment of the minimum government price. They ask that which has been repeatedly granted before. If the future may be judged of by the past, little harm can be done to the interests of the Treasury by yielding to their request. Upon a critical examination, it is found that the lands sold at the public sales since the introduction of cash payments in 1820, have produced, on an average, the nett revenue of only six cents an acre more than the minimum government price. There is no reason to suppose that future sales will be more productive. The government, therefore, has no adequate pecuniary interest to induce it to drive these people from the lands they occupy, for the purpose of selling them to others.

Entertaining these views, I recommend the passage of a pre-emption law for their benefit, in connection with the preparatory steps toward the graduation of the price of the public lands, and farther and more effectual provisions to prevent intrusions hereafter. Indulgence to those who have settled on these lands with expectations that past legislation would be made a rule for the future, and at the same time removing the most plausible ground on which intrusions are excused, and adopting more efficient means to prevent them hereafter, appears to me the most judicious disposition which can be made of this difficult subject.

The limitations and restrictions to guard against abuses in the execution of the pre-emption law, will necessarily attract the careful attention of Congress; but under no circumstances is it considered expedient to authorise floating claims in any shape. They have been heretofore, and doubtless would be hereafter, most prolific sources of fraud and oppression, and instead of operating to confer the favor of the government on industrious settlers, are often used only to minister to a spirit of cupidity at the expense of the most meritorious of that class.

The accompanying report of the Secretary of War will bring to your view the state of the army, and all the various subjects confided to the superintendence of that officer.

The principal part of the army has been concentrated in Florida, with a view, and in the expectation of bringing the war in that territory to a speedy close. The necessity of stripping the posts on the maritime and inland frontiers of their entire garrisons, for the purpose of assembling in the field an army of less than four thousand men, would seem to indicate the necessity of increasing our regular forces; and the superior efficiency as well as greatly diminished expense of that description of troops, recommend this measure as one of economy, as well as of expediency. I refer to the report for the reasons which have induced the Secretary of War to urge the reorganization and enlargement of the staff of the army, and of the ordnance corps, in which I fully concur.

It is not, however, compatible with the interest of the people to maintain, in time of peace, a regular force adequate to the defence of our extensive frontiers. In periods of danger and alarm, we must rely principally upon a well organized militia: and some general arrangement that will render this description of force more efficient, has long been a subject of anxious solicitude. It was recommended to the first Congress by General Washington, and has been since frequently brought to your notice, and recently its importance strongly urged by my immediate predecessor.

The provision in the Constitution that renders it necessary to adopt an uniform system of organization for the militia, throughout the United States, presents an insurmountable obstacle to an efficient arrangement by the classification heretofore proposed, and I invite your attention to the plan which will be submitted by the Secretary of War, for the organization of volunteer corps, and the instruction of militia officers, as more simple and practicable, if not equally advantageous, as a general arrangement of the whole militia of the United States.

A moderate increase of the corps, both of military and topographical engineers, has been more than once recommended by my predecessor, and my conviction of the propriety, not to say necessity of the measure, in order to enable them to perform the various and important duties imposed upon them, induces me to repeat the recommendation.

The Military Academy continues to answer all the purposes of its establishment, and not only furnishes well educated officers to the Army, but serves to diffuse throughout the mass of our citizens, individuals possessed of military knowledge, and the scientific attainments of civil and military engineering. At present, the cadet is bound, with consent of his parents or guardians, to remain in service five years from the period of his enlistment, unless sooner discharged, thus exacting only one year's service in the Army after his education is completed. This does not appear to me sufficient. Government ought to command for a longer period the services of those who are educated at the public expense; and I recommend that the time of enlistment be extended to seven years, and the terms of the engagement strictly enforced.

The creation of a national foundry for cannon, to be common to the service of the Army and Navy of the United States, has been heretofore recommended, and appears to be required in order to place our ordnance on an equal footing with that of other countries, and to enable that branch of the service to control the prices of those articles, and graduate the supplies to the wants of the Government, as well as to regulate their quality and ensure their uniformity.

The same reasons induce me to recommend the erection of a manufactory of gunpowder, to be under the direction of the Ordnance office. The establishment of a manufactory of small arms west of the Allegany mountains, upon the plan proposed by the Secretary of War, will contribute to extend throughout that country the improvements which exist in establishments of a similar description in the Atlantic States, and tend to a much more economical distribution of the armament required in the western portion of our Union.

The system of removing the Indians west of the Mississippi, commenced by Mr. Jefferson in 1804, has been steadily persevered in by every succeeding President, and may be considered the settled policy of the country. Unconnected at first with any well defined system for their improvement, the inducements held out to the Indians were confined to the greater abundance of game to be found in the West; but when the beneficial effects of their removal were made apparent, a more philanthropic and enlightened policy was adopted, in purchasing their lands east of the Mississippi. Liberal prices were given, and provisions inserted in all the treaties with them for the application of the funds they received in exchange, to such purposes as were best calculated to promote their present welfare, and advance their future civilization. These measures have been attended thus far with the happiest results.

It will be seen, by referring to the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, that the most sanguine expectations of the friends and promoters of this system have been realized. The Choctaws, Cherokees, and other tribes that first emigrated beyond the Mississippi, have, for the most part, abandoned the hunter state, and become cultivators of the soil. The improvement of their condition has been rapid, and it is believed that they are now fitted to enjoy the advantages of a simple form of government, which has been submitted to them and received their sanction; and I cannot too strongly urge this subject upon the attention of Congress.

Stipulations have been made with all the Indian tribes to remove them beyond the Mississippi, except with the band of the Wyandotts, the Six Nations in New York, the Menomonees, Mandans and Stockbridges in Wisconsin, and Miamies in Indiana. With all but the Menomonees, it is expected that arrangements for their emigration will be completed the present year. The resistance which has been opposed to their removal by some tribes, even after treaties had been made with them to that effect, has arisen from various causes, operating differently on each of them.

In most instances they have been instigated to resistance by persons to whom the trade with them and the acquisition of their annuities were important; and in some by the personal influence of interested Chiefs. These obstacles must be overcome; for the Government cannot relinquish the execution of this policy without sacrificing important interests, and abandoning the tribes remaining east of the Mississippi to certain destruction.

The decrease in numbers of the tribes within the limits of the States and Territories has been most rapid. If they be removed, they can be protected from those associations and evil practices which exert so pernicious and destructive an influence over their destinies. They can be induced to labor, and to acquire property, and its acquisition will inspire them with a feeling of independence. Their minds can be cultivated, and they can be taught the value of salutary and uniform laws, and be made sensible of the blessings of free government, and capable of enjoying its advantages.

In the possession of property, knowledge, and a good Government, free to give what direction they please to their labor, and sharers in the legislation by which their persons and the profits of their industry are to be protected and secured, they will have an ever present conviction of the importance of union, of peace among themselves, and of the preservation of amicable relations with us.

The interests of the United States would also be greatly promoted by freeing the relations between the General and State Governments from what has proved a most embarrassing incumbrance, by a satisfactory adjustment of conflicting titles to lands, caused by the occupation of the Indians, and by causing the resources of the whole country to be developed by the power of the State and General Governments, and improved by the enterprise of a white population.

Intimately connected with this subject is the obligation of the Government to fulfil its treaty stipulations, and to protect the Indians thus assembled "at their new residence from all interruptions and disturbances from any other tribes or nations of Indians, or from any other person or persons whatsoever," and the equally solemn obligation to guard from Indian hostilities its own border settlements, stretching along a line of more than one thousand miles. To enable the Government to redeem their pledge to the Indians, and to afford adequate protection to its own citizens, will require the continual presence of a considerable regular force on the frontiers, and the establishment of a chain of permanent posts. Examinations of the country are now making, with a view to decide on the most suitable points for the erection of fortresses and other works of defence, the results of which will be presented to you by the Secretary of War at an early day, together with a plan for the effectual protection of friendly Indians, and the permanent defence of the frontier States.

By the report of the Secretary of the Navy, herewith communicated, it appears that unremitted exertions have been made at the different navy yards, to carry into effect all authorised measures for the extension and employment of our naval force. The launching and preparation of the ship of the line Pennsylvania, and the complete repairs of the ships of the line Ohio, Delaware, and Columbus, may be noticed, as forming a respectable addition to this important arm of our national defence. Our commerce and navigation have received increased aid and protection during the present year. Our squadrons in the Pacific and on the Brazilian station have been much increased, and that in the Mediterranean, although small, is adequate to the present wants of our commerce in that sea. Additions have been made to our squadron on the West India station, where the large force under Commodore Dallas has been most actively and efficiently employed in protecting our commerce, in preventing the importation of slaves, and in co-operating with the officers of the Army, in carrying on the war in Florida.

The satisfactory condition of our naval force abroad, leaves at our disposal the means of conveniently providing for a home squadron, for the protection of commerce upon our extensive coast. The amount of appropriations required for such a squadron will be found in the general estimates for the naval service, for the year 1838.

The naval officers engaged upon our coast survey, have rendered important service to our navigation. The discovery of a new channel into the harbor of New York, through which our largest ships may pass without danger, must afford important commercial advantages to that harbor, and add greatly to its value as a naval station. The accurate survey of George's shoals off the coast of Massachusetts, lately completed, will render comparatively safe a navigation hitherto considered dangerous.

Considerable additions have been made to the number of captains, commanders, lieutenants, surgeons and assistant surgeons in the navy. These additions were rendered necessary, by the increased number of vessels put in commission, to answer the exigencies of our growing commerce.

Your attention is respectfully invited to the various suggestions of the Secretary, for the improvement of the naval service.

The report of the Postmaster General exhibits the progress and condition of the mail service. The operations of the Post Office Department, constitutes one of the most active elements of our national prosperity, and it is gratifying to observe with what vigor they are conducted. The mail routes of the United States cover an extent of about one hundred and forty two thousand eight hundred and seventy seven miles, having been increased about thirty seven thousand one hundred and three miles within the last two years.

The annual mail transportation on these routes is about thirty six million two hundred and twenty eight thousand nine hundred and sixty two miles, having been increased about ten millions three hundred and fifty nine thousand four hundred and seventy six miles within the same period. The number of post offices has also been increased from ten thousand seven hundred and seventy, to twelve thousand and ninety nine; very few of which receive the mails less than once a week, and a large portion of them daily. Contractors and Post Masters in general are represented as attending to their duties with most commendable zeal and fidelity.

The revenue of the department within the year ending on the 30th of June last, was four millions one hundred and thirty seven thousand and fifty six dollars and fifty nine cents; and its liabilities accruing within the same time, were three millions three hundred and eighty thousand eight hundred and forty seven dollars and seventy five cents. The increase of revenue over that of the preceding year was seven hundred and eight thousand one hundred and sixty six dollars and forty one cents.

For many interesting details, I refer you to the report of the Post Master General, with the accompanying paper.—Your particular attention is invited to the necessity of providing a more safe and convenient building for the accommodation of the Department.

I lay before Congress copies of reports, submitted in pursuance of a call made by me upon the heads of departments, for such suggestions as their experience might enable them to make, as to what farther legislative provisions may be advantageously adopted to secure the faithful application of public money to the objects for which they are appropriated: to prevent their misapplication or embezzlement by those entrusted with the expenditure of them; and generally to increase the security of the government against losses in their disbursement. It is needless to dilate on the importance of providing such new safeguards as are within the power of legislation to promote these ends; and I have little to add to the recommendations submitted in the accompanying papers.

By law, the terms of service of our most important collecting and disbursing officers in the civil departments, are limited to four years, and when re-appointed their bonds are required to be renewed. The safety of the public is much increased by this feature of the law, and there can be no doubt that its application to all officers entrusted with the collection or disbursement of the public money, whatever may be the tenure of their offices, would be equally beneficial. I therefore recommend, in addition to such of the suggestions presented by the heads of Department as you may think useful, a general provision that all officers of the army or navy, or in the civil department, entrusted with the receipt or payment of public money, and whose term of service is either unlimited or for a longer time than four years, be required to give bonds, with good and sufficient securities, at the expiration of every such period.

A change in the period of terminating the fiscal year, from the first of October to the first of April has been frequently recommended, and appears to be desirable.

The distressing casualties in steamboats, which have so frequently happened, during the year, seem to evince the necessity of attempting to prevent them by means of severe provisions connected with their custom house papers. This subject was submitted to the attention of Congress by the Secretary of the Treasury, in his last annual report, and will be again noticed at the present session, with additional details. It will doubtless receive

that early and careful consideration which its pressing importance appears to require.

Your attention has heretofore been frequently called to the affairs of the District of Columbia, and I should not again ask it, did not their entire dependence on Congress give them a constant claim upon its notice. Separated by the Constitution, from the rest of the Union, limited in extent, and aided by no Legislature of its own, it would seem to be a spot where a wise and uniform system of local government might have been easily adopted.

This District however, unfortunately, has been left to linger behind the rest of the Union; its codes, civil and criminal, are not only very defective, but full of obsolete or inconvenient provisions: being formed of portions of two states, discrepancies in the laws prevail in different parts of the territory, small as it is: and although it was selected as the seat of the General Government, the site of its public edifices, the depository of its archives, and the residence of officers entrusted with large amounts of public property and the management of public business, yet it has never been subjected to, or received, that special and comprehensive legislation which these circumstances peculiarly demand.

I am well aware of the various subjects of greater magnitude and immediate interest, that press themselves on the consideration of Congress; but I believe there is no one that appeals more directly to its justice, than a liberal and even generous attention to the interests of the District of Columbia, and a thorough and careful revision of its local government.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Washington, 5th December, 1837.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

We have received, through the politeness of a friend, files of the Diario del Gobierno of Mexico city to November 2d, inclusive.

In consequence of the resignation of four of Bustamente's cabinet, he has appointed Gen. Don Ignacio Moraly Vilamil, minister of War and Marine; Don Jose Antonio Romero, Minister of the Interior; Manuel Marie Perez, Minister de Hacienda, (public property, domains, &c.) and Don Jose Maria Bocanegra, Foreign Relations.

Signor Don Vicente Sosa is appointed Governor of the Department of Michoacan; and Don Eustaquio Jose Dominguez, Secretary of the department of Chiapas.

The cholera the latter part of October had extended from Central America into Duito, frontier town of Chiapas, (Mexico) and caused great alarm. A sanitary cordon was established, and a request laid before the Chamber of Deputies at Mexico, Oct. 27th, asking for appropriations to defray the expense of this precautionary measure. On the same day a communication was received from the Governor of the department of Sonora complaining of the difficulty of submitting the refractory and uncivilized aborigines to the laws of the country, and recommending that these laws may be dispensed within such towns and no innovocation made.

Much of the time of the Chamber was occupied in discussing a bill relative to prohibiting the export of gold and silver.

The editor of the Gobierno, Nov. 2d, endeavors to apologise to the interrogations of the Cosmopolite paper why the Government have not adopted any efficient measure to pacificate New Mexico. It appears Senor Don Manuel Armijo is appointed to the government of this province, and that his movements had been seconded at Santa Fe by Captain D. Jose Caballero, who had arrested the usurping governor and his secretary.

Gen. Calva was to march from Chihuahua and sustain Armijo.

The editor aforesaid deems the the writers of the Cosmopolitan "a permanent conspiracy against the credit and stability of the government and the institutions of the country," which seems to indicate that Bustamente, priest ridden and fanatic as he is, or pretends to be, still allows some liberty to the press.

The yield of the gold, silver and copper mines for the year ending July 1, 1836, is 320. 310 pinstres.

From the South—*Aspect of Business.*—The large number of steamboats and ships constantly arriving and departing, all of them nearly filled with passengers and loaded with freight, are cheering signs of the revival of our usual heavy traffic and business transaction at this season of the year. Perhaps the crowd of vessels, and the quantity of freight is not quite so great as in preceding years, but taking into consideration the crippled state of the times, there is much reason for self-gratulation among our citizens. There are near fifty steamboats at the landing, and upwards of a hundred masted vessels. The whole levee is covered with boxes, barrels, bales, and packages of goods, embarking upon, or disembarking from this fleet of merchantmen, scattered and strewn abroad in lavish profusion, and with utter disregard to order and arrangement. But notwithstanding this apparent confusion, every one seems to know his own property, and it is matter of ermen, it is said, will not average $100 for their year's work. surprise, that so few accidents and mistakes occur. The handling and transporting such vast quantities of freight keeps in constant and active employment, crowds of sailors, deckhands, porters and draymen. Every one appears to be hurried about his business—all is agitation, motion, and jostling, and to one unaccustomed to such sights and sounds, the noise and bustle of the scene bewilders and astounds the senses.

[New Orleans Bulletin Nov. 29th.

NEW-YORK.

Mr. Linton Rogers is an Agent for this paper at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. James William James has kindly consented to collect the sums due the New-Yorker in Cleveland and Cuyahoga Co. Ohio.—Our friends there who cannot make it convenient to remit direct to us will please call on him.

Mr. Edwin S. Whitfield is now calling on our subscribers in Connecticut. We trust they will send him on his way rejoicing.

*** We cannot supply Nos. 9, 15, 19, 23, 25 and 26 of our last Quarto Volume. Any Agent or friend who may happen to have either of those numbers which he does not need will oblige us by transmitting it to this Office.

☞ We trust a great many of our Agents and patrons have resolved to bring us in debt to them before the 1st of January. Short settlements and long friends we delight in.

Money.—As inquiries are continually reaching us regarding the kinds of money most acceptable, we may again state that we prefer

1. Notes of the Banks of the City or State of New-York.
2. " of the United States Bank and branches.
3. " " New-Jersey or Pennsylvania Banks.
4. " " all New-England Banks in good standing at home.
5. " " Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Dist. Columbia.
6. " " Ohio, Kentucky, Carolina and Georgia.
7. " " all other Southern and Western—Mississippi and Michigan being worst—i. e. selling at the highest discount.

We take no shinplasters, except those of Newark and Jersey City. The notes of the new free Banks of Michigan cannot be disposed of here. Our friends will oblige us by not sending them.

The rates of discount to which we are subjected are as follows:—New-York, nominal par—i. e. 6 per cent. below specie, but received for debts except at the Post-Office and Custom-House; New Jersey, some Banks par, some ¼, some 2 per cent. discount; United States 1½; Pennsylvania 2; New-England 2½ a 3; Virginia, &c. 4; Ohio 6; Georgia 10; Mobile and New-Orleans 12; Mississippi and Michigan 20. Detroit and some Banks in Mississippi can be sold at 12½ a 15; but they generally happen to be the very ones the seller does not happen to have.

We cannot sell Lumbermen's Bank at Warren, Pa. at any price.

Dr Combe on Dietetics.—Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Boston, have published a beautiful edition of "The Physiology of Digestion considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics; by Andrew Combe, M. D." Of the work itself we may have already spoken; but it cannot be too earnestly nor too often commended to public attention.—Writers on Dietetics may disagree on minor points; but the great principle of Temperance in all things lies at the foundation of all teachings on this subject; and few men can read any work upon it with which we are acquainted without benefit alike to their physical and moral being. We snatch one sentence from the abundance of direct testimony contained in this volume of the positive effect of Temperance in diet in the restoration of health. Be it borne in mind, in reading this sentence, that the Catholics abstain wholly from flesh-eating during the season of Lent:

"The celebrated Roman physicina, Bragalvi, who, from practising extensively among Catholics, had ample opportunities of observation, mentions that in Italy an unusually large proportion of the sick recovered during Lent, in consequence of the lower diet which is then observed as a part of the religious duties."

The edition of this work before us is a handsome 12mo. of 328 pages. (George O. Bartlett, 109 Fulton st. New-York.)

"*The Duke of Monmouth.*"—A new historical novel, by the author of "The Collegians." The time is the close of the seventeenth century—the stormy and troublous period of English history preceding and following the elevation of James II. to the throne. The novel has passages and incidents of great power, though we cannot esteem it one of surpassing merit. It is something, however, in these times to see a new novel of moderate pretensions, and we gladly welcome its appearance as an evidence of latent even though suspended vitality in general literature. (Philadelphia, Carey & Hart; New York, G. & C. Carvill & Co.)

"*Advent, A Mystery; by Arthur Cleaveland Coz.*"—A sacred poem in the dramatic form of something more than a hundred pages is something of a novelty in these days, despite the multiformity of modern book-making. The preface informs us that this is the work of a young man, who had not completed his nineteenth year at its conclusion. It is a production of very considerable merit—deserving of more attention than we can give it this week. We may again refer to it. (John S. Taylor, Brick Church Chapel.)

To The Editors [*]

Gentlemen:—As you justify the use of *Loco-foco*, you will oblige me, if you will insert an explanation or definition of the word. I do not know what it means, and I am sure many others, natives and foreigners, are in the same condition.

That *Whig* and *Tory* are words of legitimate origin, I do not know; but long and general use has given to each a pretty definite meaning. As to *Cabal*, you are entirely mistaken.

You ask whether I am certain that "with a view to examine" is perfectly correct. Why, gentlemen, look to the third column of the first page of your last paper, Dec. 2, where you will see these words: "It may be he builds his house apart on *purpose to discover whether* his company is worth the trouble of finding him." This sentence answers not only the foregoing question, but another; *for whether is not* followed by a negation. The latter phrase is elliptical, but well authorized. Usage has, I think, sanctioned the other phrase, with a "view to examine." So we say, he had it *in view to proceed*. Usage must determine which phraseology is most correct. "With a view of examining" is probably most generally used: but the other form is common.

A New Subscriber.

[* The New Yorker has but one Editor.—Ed.]

Remarks.—We are sincerely obliged to our monitor for his assurance that the phrases used by him are correct. We make the inquiry in no captious spirit, but with a sincere desire of eliciting and being guided by his opinion. His views are satisfactory, but none the more so that he has found the questionable expressions used by another than himself in our columns. He may often find sentences there that clash with our rules of syntax, but which we rarely feel at liberty to amend. The writings even of Bulwer are full of them; yet we feel bound to quote as we find them, or let them alone. Be it understood then, that we do not stand sponsor for all the grammatical anomalies which may appear in the columns of the New Yorker.

And now with regard to 'Loco-Foco.' We will briefly explain the origin of the political application of the term—more briefly than we should do if the history had not already been once or twice given in our columns. With the fact that the word was originally coined by the inventor or maker of self-igniting matches, and is intended as a kind of dog-Latin for 'self-lighting,' we will suppose our friend acquainted. Well—just about the time that these matches came in vogue, the new doctrines of hostility to all incorporations, to all legislative grants of power except to public officers, and (in those days) to all paper money or currency of representative value, were likewise given to the world, and began especially to convulse the Democratic party, so called. In our own city, the appearance of the matches and the new Radical doctrines was early and about simultaneous. The contest respecting the U. S. Bank and the Deposites gave an impetus and a vantage ground to the latter; and the disciples of this creed, so early as the autumn of 1834, were so formidable here that they compelled the candidates on the Democratic ticket to sign a pledge of hostility to all Banks, Charters and corporations. This pledge was not lived up to by our delegation in the ensuing Legislature, being openly scouted by some of the Members who had signed it—before the Election. The Radicals, justly exasperated at this breach of faith, resolved to have none but true men at the next election.—They were outnumbered, however, in the Democratic Nominating Committee, and a ticket made up in open hostility to their doctrines and their pledges. This ticket, according to usage, had then to be submitted to a General Meeting of the party, at its head-quarters, Tammany Hall. At this meeting, the Radicals mustered in great force—impartial spectators assure us that they formed a decided majority; but their opponents (some of them being inside when the doors were opened) took possession of the Chair, appointed their own officers, read their own cut-and-dried address and resolutions, put the question on the regularly proposed ticket, and declared it carried—all in the midst of a tempest that would have silenced an earthquake. They then declared the meeting adjourned, and their officers left the high places. But the other Democracy would not budge, and began to make preparations for adopting a Radical ticket. At this juncture the gas was turned off by order of the Democracy No. 1, and the whole convocation of No. 2 left in total darkness, in the hope of dispersing them perforce. But this manœuvre had been anticipated and guarded against. The instant the gas failed them, a hundred tallow candles were drawn from as many pockets—a hundred *Loco-Foco* matches grated sharply against pillar and wall; and the next moment Old Tammany shone resplendent in a new blaze of glory, and her roof trembled to the spontaneous and exulting cheer of the self-illumining thousands. The meeting was re-organized, and a new ticket adopted, and warmly though unsuccessfully supported at the election. The city journals, the morning after the fracas, were perplexed to distinguish the candle-light from the gas-light Democracy; and one of them (we believe it was the Daily Advertiser) applied the cognomen *Loco-Foco* to the self-illumining victors over the stratagem of the gas-controllers. A name was necessary; this was on several accounts happy; it was caught up by all parties, including those to whom it applied: for indeed it affords almost a singular instance of a party name not imposed as or conveying a reproach. We have already said that we believe it as legitimate and expressive as party appellations generally are. Is not our monitor of the same opinion?

Wheat and Flour have declined throughout the country the past week, owing to the continued navigation of the rivers and the mildness of the season, which allows produce to come to market. The receipts down the river during the last fortnight have been very great, and the decline in price so general as to give assurance of permanence.

Dr. Hart, of the Courier & Enquirer, has recovered a verdict of $3,000 against Mr. Wood the vocalist, for an assault and battery committed last spring in the lobby of the Park Theatre, during the Wood and Conduit fracas. The assault consisted in spitting in the face of the plaintiff.

A Mutiny took place in our harbor on Saturday and Sunday, on board the ship Eliza & Abbey, on the part of a body of Germans, enlisted in the service of the United States, for the Florida War. The affair commenced in a quarrel between the Germans and the mate of the vessel—on what grounds we do not understand. The matter was finally hushed up, and the mate discharged from the vessel. The Germans seemed to have it all their own way, in defiance of discipline and propriety.

A nest of Counterfeiters has just been broken up at Elkton, Md. It comprised some of the inhabitants esteemed 'most respectable' in the place—including a constable, who has escaped. About $1,500 had been put in circulation, principally of the Bank of Frederick, Md.

The President's Message, which was delivered at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, reached this city at 20 minutes past 2 on Wednesday morning—at the rate of 20 miles per hour. This, though not so fast as the Sub-Treasury Message was transmitted, is yet very fair time. Before noon of Wednesday, some two or three hundred thousand copies had been struck off in this city alone, and were in the hands of, or on the way to, at least a million readers. We, however, did not think proper to anticipate our regular publication, desiring to present a carefully corrected copy—one worthy of reliance and preservation.

This document is in every sense less remarkable than the Special Message of September. It still indicates the Executive preference of the Sub-Treasury method of collecting and disbursing the public revenues, but with it his sincere desire to conform to any clear expression of the public will, or any decision of Congress, which may not conflict with his convictions of Constitutional duty. We understand by this, that the President will interpose no obstacle to any plan which Congress may adopt to relieve the nation and the Treasury from the existing pecuniary difficulties, unless that plan involve the establishment of a National Bank—in which case he will interpose the Veto; but at the same time he has no relish for trying the State Bank Experiment over again, and, if it must be, he would have the Public Money kept in the Banks as a special deposite. We apprehend this special deposite would be a distinction without a difference. If it mean that the Government should have a 'special' vault of its own in each of certain Banks for the deposite of its money, where it should be kept carefully separate from all other money, and not subject to the control of the Banks, we should consider this no deposite at all, and presume that the Banks would have to be hired to keep money under such regulations. For instance: we, and most men, would be glad to get money on deposite, to be returned whenever the depositer should require it; but a thousand dollars to be rigidly kept untouched in any emergency—the trouble and risk of keeping without the privilege of using—is a favor for which we would thank no man.

The President does not seem to regard the distinction pointed out in our last, but it is not the less important. We repeat, then, that the great question now to be decided is not whether the Government shall or shall not keep its (want of) funds in Banks, but whether it shall receive in payment the notes of specie-paying Banks of undoubted solvency, or refuse all such, and insist on hard coin exclusively. This is the real issue, and to this the President does not plead. This point once settled, and then (in our opinion) the opposition to the deposite of the public money with proper officers instead of Banks would be comparatively feeble. On this naked proposition a majority of the Whigs in Congress have more than once voted to disperse with the use of Banks as depositories in the absence of a National Bank; and we see no reason why they should not do so again. But that the Government should refuse all Bank paper and insist on specie in payments into the Treasury, is quite another matter.

The allusion to the recent Elections in the Message strikes us as unusual, but not necessarily improper. It is a mistake, however, that but one State (Arkansas) has held a Congressional Election since September. Mississippi has also chosen Representatives; whether the House will or will not allow them seats we know not; but it was a regular election, at the regular time, and regularly notified by the proper authorities. Whatever its validity, there can be no doubt of its character as an expression of public opinion. As to New York, the President thinks the revolution is all owing to the influence of the Banks. But how so, if the Sub-Treasury scheme is not hostile to the Banks, as he so confidently avers? We believe the prevailing conviction respecting this project, and the recommendations generally of his Sub-Treasury Message, had great influence in effecting the result which has been witnessed; but this would not have been the case if that project and the accompanying doctrines had not been regarded as vitally hostile to the Banking System and to any organization of credit as the basis of currency. As to the election being decided by fears of the forfeiture of Bank Charters or a forced resumption of specie payments, the President must be mistaken. If the Banks could not hope for forbearance from the party which created three-fourths of them—which once authorized a loan of six millions to aid them—which legalized their Suspension—and which has always treated them with kindness, what could they hope from throwing themselves into the arms of the Opposition, with the certainty that by so doing they must make enemies of at least two departments of the Government—the Governor and the Senate—and very probably of the third? Again—how would the President's hypothesis account for the result in such counties as Albany, Dutchess, Onondaga, &c. &c. where the Administration tickets were notoriously friendly to Banks? We do not believe there were ten intelligent men in the State who hoped or feared a forfeiture of the Bank Charters this winter, whoever might triumph in the election.

Our Foreign Relations generally wear a pacific and favorable aspect. The President's language with regard to the Boundary dispute with England is judicious and firm. Many are surprised at the absence of all direct allusion to Texas in the Message; but the highly belligerent temper of the paragraphs relating to Mexico account for this. There is probably a plan on foot to purchase Texas under the color of indemnity for Mexican spoliations; and the bluster is rather of the histrionic order. As to a war with Mexico, except for the purpose of aiding or obtaining Texas, it is sheer gammon. We could find quite as good reason for war with any other of the Spanish American Republics as with Mexico. The 'disputed Boundary'!! on our South Western frontier appears to have gone altogether out of fashion since Gen. Gaines's presence in Texas is no longer desirable.

The National Finances look better in prospect than in their actual condition. We shall speak of them more fully in connection with Secretary Woodbury's Report.

We are opposed to increasing the Army. Better 'reform' our National propensity for quarrel, aggression, and conquest. These are plain words, but the truth should be spoken. We inherit too much of the spirit which has made the History of England a record of warfare and carnage, and fattened the soil of nearly every nation under heaven with the blood of her slaughtered sons. When we have driven the Indians all into a compact territory beyond the Mississippi, where they become such happy, industrious, thrifty, civilized people as the President describes them, what do we want of a larger Army?

The suggestions of the Message with regard to the West Point Institution are admirable. Congress must act on this subject, or the Military Academy will be overthrown by the deep and increasing popular dissatisfaction.

There are many other topics in the Message on which we should comment were space permitted us. As we have often intimated, we believe the general views here expressed by the President in relation to the Public Lands all wrong—vitally, fatally wrong—pernicious to the new States and most detrimental to the interests of the nation. But another time must serve for their consideration. On one point, however—that of the double-distilled iniquity of Pre-emption Floats—the Message takes the right ground.

As a composition, the Message contrasts unfavorably with the copious and flowing diction of Mr. Adams, or the nervous, concise and energetic periods of Gen. Jackson. It is unequal even to the September Message. Mr. Van Buren's style is not perspicuous but extremely involved; and there is a remarkable difference between his manner as a writer and when, as a debater, he expresses himself orally, and his language is taken down by a reporter. The latter is far superior in cogency, clearness and elegance.

Strength of Parties in New York.—We gave place in our last to a bulletin of the Albany Argus regarding the result of our recent State Election. We did so in fairness to the party of which the Argus is the organ; as we had already given up several columns to official and other statements of the result, which certainly give the impression of a total rout of the party esteemed 'Democratic' by the Argus. The pressure of the Message upon our columns compels us to condense our remarks upon this article into the smallest compass; yet it would be giving countenance to error did we permit it to pass without a word.

The Argus takes the immense vote of 1834 as its test of the real and relative strength of parties aforetime. This is right; though the vote for President last fall was considered at the time, if we mistake not, an equally fair test, and as evidencing a clear Van Buren majority of near 30,000 in the State. But let that pass. The Argus is not so fair in endeavoring to give the impression that the late vote is a small one. This is far from the fact. It has been exceeded but thrice—very slightly at the two last Presidential Elections, and considerably in the extraordinary contest of 1834. It was never equalled, (as we stated in our last,) in any election where no President, Governor, nor Members of Congress were to be chosen. Indeed there was never a vote in any odd year that came within 50,000 of it. It is a heavy vote for the occasion, though in the counties where there was but one ticket, or where the result was obvious, the poll is very light, as it ever will be. The fair difference between the vote of the State when there is a Governor or President to be chosen, and when there is no State ticket in the field, is not less than 40,000.

But the Argus very coolly subtracts the Administration vote of this year from that of 1834, and demonstrates that 41,000 of the late dominant party were absent from the polls and only 13,000 of their opponents! This is convenient, certainly, but not to our mind conclusive. It would be easy to name twelve counties, including Genesee, Erie, Washington, &c. in which more than 12,000 Whigs were absent from the polls. But this does not come to the point. The only way to determine whether there has or has not been a signal change in the politics of the State, if the evidence afforded by the general result is to be ruled out, is to take those counties in which there has been little or no falling off from the vote of 1834. We can imagine no objection to the fairness of this test. Here, then, are all the counties in which the vote is nearly or quite as great as in 1834:

Counties.	1834.—Adm.	Opp.	1836.—Adm.	Opp.	1837.—Adm.	Opp.
Albany	4917	4868	4947	4261	4780	5013
Franklin	790	987	864	910	771	978
Kings	2040	1493	2321	1868	2672	2255
Montgomery	4842	4005	4303	3170	3922	4390
New York	19015	16692	17417	16348	16040	19023
Niagara	1838	2365	2143	2267	1804	2215
Orange	3139	2609	3105	1976	2596	2650
Queens	1895	1772	1653	1399	1684	1725
Rensselaer	4961	4992	4981	4634	4609	4866
Schenectady	1365	1320	1480	1149	1328	1467
Total	44,802	41,123	43,213	37,952	39,586	44,770

Total vote in '34, 85,925; in '36, 81,165; in '37, 84,356—scarcely a falling off in the aggregate. Adm. majority in '34, 3,679; in '36, 5,261; Whig majority in '37, 5,184—a change of 8,863 votes from 1834 in the ten counties where the vote is quite or nearly as heavy as then. The same ratio of change in the whole State would give a gain of about 32,000, and a present majority of 20,000 to the Whigs. We do not say nor believe that there has been a change equal to this; but such is the inference from the data before us. Had we included all those counties, in which one or the other party has increased its vote from '34, the change would have been more signal.

On the whole, this business of cyphering out a majority never seems to answer any purpose. We have seen it tried year after year with no sort of success. When an election is over, the world generally understands, that one party or the other is beaten; and it cares very little for a square acre of arithmetic proving that if the defeated party had only polled enough more votes it would have carried the day. It is most true that there are 50,000 votes in the State which were not polled at the recent election; and if the party just defeated can rally two-thirds of these to its banners next fall, it will retrieve its fortunes. Can it be done? The Argus says yes. We offer no opinion—further than this, that we could not augur such a result from that of the recent election.

ESSEX COUNTY.

	Whig.		Van Buren.	
Senate	Martin Lee	1785	John M'Lean	1209
Assembly	Hammond	1700	Chipman	1465
Sheriff	Harris	1715	Powers	1258

WARREN.

Senate	Martin Lee	678	John McLean	442
Assembly	[No opposition.]		Leggett	920
Sheriff	" "		Bower	990
Clerk	" "		Archibald	1004

Connecticut.—Town elections have recently been held in Hartford, New Haven, Newtown, and many other townships, for the choice of officers. The Whigs seem to have it their own way, and must have elected officers after their own heart in two-thirds of the towns in the State.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Legislature of this State convened at Harrisburg on Tuesday of this week. In the Senate, Hon. Jesse Burden (Anti-Van Buren) was re-elected Speaker, having 18 votes to 11 for Isaac Leet, (Adm.) The votes of the two candidates were thrown away. In the House, Hon. Lewis Dewart of Northumberland Co. was likewise re-elected, having 53 votes to 42 for John Walker of Allegany, (Opposition.) Two votes scattering as in the Senate. Only two Senators and three Representatives were absent. Geo. W. Hamersley was re-elected Clerk of the Senate, and David Middlecoff, Assistant.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—There is likely to be a political breeze in this State. The chasm between Mr. Calhoun and his disciples on the one hand, and Mr. Preston and the friends of the Banking System on the other, is widening every day. Gov. Butler's recent Message is of the Preston school. The Charleston Mercury, the leading journal of the old State Rights party, warmly advocates the views of Mr. Calhoun, and intimates that a majority of the Legislature are of the same faith. We shall probably see.

GEORGIA.—In our last we confounded Hon. William Schley, late Governor of this State, with Hon. Wilson Lumpkin, his predecessor, in some remarks on Senator King's resignation. It made no sort of difference in principle, as they are of the same party and were supported on the same grounds; but in point of fact Mr. Schley was the last Governor, and Mr. Lumpkin, his predecessor, is the new Senator elect in place of Hon. John P. King. Mr. Schley may soon be elected in place of Mr. Cuthbert.

The Legislature of this State has been in something of a ferment respecting the pay and munitions of a corps of volunteers, raised the past summer by Col. C. H. Nelson, under the direction of Gov. Schley, for the protection of the Cherokee District from the Indians! A very pretty bill for their services is brought in against the State, and the State Rights party, who though a majority in the State are a minority in the Legislature, resist its payment on the ground that the whole business was a wanton, uncalled for, electioneering scheme to aid Gov. Schley's election. They were willing to make the soldiers a donation of the amount claimed, but not an appropriation. The substitute (in Senate) failed, however, and the resolution to pay passed by a vote of 42 to 39.

Congress.—We have nothing of importance since the delivery of the Message. A motion by Mr. Whittlesey that the Committees should be appointed immediately, in order to save time and despatch business, was successfully resisted.—Mr. Clay, on Tuesday, announced the death of Senator Kent of Maryland, in a brief but eloquent and impressive speech, when the usual resolutions were adopted and both Houses adjourned.

On Wednesday sundry preliminary resolutions were adopted. One of them proposes an inquiry into Florida matters in general. Another, the repeal of the Act Postponing the Fourth Instalment of the surplus revenue. Another, the distribution among the people of a list of the Yeas and Nays on every important question. (Good!) No vote taken. Adj.

The Bank Convention has adjourned without effecting any thing, as might have been expected. It will meet again in April, when another trial will be made to effect a resumption—we hope successfully. At this moment, before some indication is given of the course which Congress will pursue, and before the new cotton crop has gone forward to Europe, it is impossible for the Banks to maintain specie payments. Let them prepare to resume next April, and nobody will complain that they do not at this moment, when exchange on England is 15 per cent. premium.

The Ulster Sentinel, at Kingston, heretofore an Administration journal, is most savagely 'Conservative' now-a-days. In the last week's number, the Sub-Treasury, the State Printer, and various projects and people accused of a tendency to Loco-Focoism, are most unmincingly handled.

Shipwreck.—The brig Topaz, of New York, was seen by a French barque about 100 miles east of Abaco on the 29th Oct. dismasted and abandoned, with her long-boat on deck. The crew of the barque attempted to board, but were repelled by the stench of decaying bodies. The Topaz was at Curacoa on the 12th, loading for New York.

Hon. Ellis Lewis, now a distinguished jurist in Pennsylvania, and President Judge of the Susquehanna Judicial District, was a journeyman printer in the office of the New York Daily Advertiser in 1817.

The Fisheries have produced less than usual this year. The falling off in the mackerel fishery is estimated at one-fourth, or 45,000 barrels in Massachusetts alone. The fish

The Murderers of Judge Warren, of Effingham County, Georgia, have been discovered. They were a negro man and woman—the former the property of the Judge, the latter of a neighbor. They have been convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hung on the 15th inst.

The Pork Trade of Ohio is less flourishing than usual. Prices range from $3 50 to $4 per hundred. A great many hogs are being driven to the Eastern cities, as the current price is considered too low.

The Illinois and Michigan Canal is now 'progressing' with great spirit. Many of the laborers who struck at the reduction of wages from $26 a month have returned to their work. Wages $20 per month.

More Steamboat Disasters.—It is a painful duty, too frequently devolving on the press, to record accidents of a serious nature on board of the Western steamers. This morning we are called upon to state that the steamer Majestic, hence for St. Louis, when near Memphis, collapsed one of her flues, by which accident two persons were killed, and seven others scalded, all deck hands and firemen.

In addition to this accident, we learned yesterday by the arrival of the Levant, from Red River, that the steamboat Privateer, from Natchitoches for this place, with a cargo of cotton, struck a snag near that place and sunk. Cargo and passengers saved. [New Orleans, Nov. 29th.

FROM ENGLAND.—We had another arrival from Liverpool on Sunday last—the Roscoe, with dates to October 25th—but the news, though considerably later, is of no moment. The report of the capture of Constantine by the French Army of Algiers is not confirmed by this arrival. Indeed, the French army seemed in a precarious position by the latest accounts. Don Carlos is on the retreat, pursued by Espartero. He appears to intend taking up his winter quarters in Biscay.—Lafitte's new Joint Stock Bank in Paris, after the manner of the English and American Banks, is going ahead, and its stock commands a premium.—The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, brother of Nicholas, is to be created Viceroy of Poland.—The King of Naples and Sicily is acting like a madman. Sixty individuals concerned in the late riots in Sicily have been shot, and the whole country is in a ferment. The cholera seems to have abated.—Lord Hill is expected to retire from the chief command of the British forces, to be succeeded by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

Don Carlos and the Princess Beira of Portugal (sister of Don Miguel) have had some correspondence looking to a matrimonial union.—The King of Hanover (late English Duke of Cumberland) is getting into trouble with his subjects on account of his arbitrary temper.—Abd el Kader, the great Arab chief in Algiers, is now on good terms with the French.—The Money Market is very plentifully supplied throughout Europe, and business is restored. There is little embarrassment or depression except in those manufactures which depend on this country for a market.

FROM CANADA.

Military Movements—The John Bull and St. George steamboats came up to Montreal Thursday from Quebec with about 6000 stand of arms with accoutrements complete.

The Varennes steamboat left the same day for Sorel, with two field pieces, a good supply of Congreve rockets, and a detachment of Royal Artillery, under the command of Capt. Holwell.

The John Bull also left for the same place, with the light company of the 24th, under the command of Capt. Maitland, three companies of the 32d, under Captain Browne, one company of the 83d, under Captain Emsley, and a detachment of the Montreal Volunteer cavalry, under Cornet Sweeny—The whole force being commanded by the Hon. Colonel Gore, Deputy Quarter Master General.

The force already at Sorel consisted of one company of the 32d, under Major Reed, and two of the 66th under Capt. Crompton. With the reinforcements just sent down, the whole will form a pretty strong brigade. Its precise destination is of course not known.

A slip has been received at Topliff's Reading Room, Boston, from the office of the Free Press, Burlington, Vt. dated 29th ult., containing the following letter from its correspondent, Mr. Whittemore, of St. Albans:

"*Dear Sir;* The glorious news has just arrived here, which may be implicitly credited, that at 11 o'clock in the evening of the 25th inst. the regular and volunteer British forces, 1200 strong, made an unexpected assault upon the fort at St. Charles, about 36 miles from Montreal. The assault was urged and resisted with great obstinacy and most determined resolution on both sides until near morning, when the British were suddenly attacked by about 1600 patriots from St. Mathias, 14 miles distant, who, hearing the cannonading, marched to the rescue, and came up just in time to save the fort which was almost being captured. The royalists immediately fled in all directions into the woods with the patriots at their heels, and will probably nearly all be killed or taken prisoners, as the patriots under Gen. Brown had previously cut off all means of retreat or escape by destroying all the boats in the river Richelieu, and stationing forces in the only places where they might retreat. When the express left St Charles, at 7 A. M., on the 27th, the patriots were in hot pursuit. The patriots lost in the assault on the fort about 200 men in killed and wounded. The loss of the assailants is not known. They left behind them two pieces of cannon, but did not burn the village of St. Charles. There is no doubt of the result. The British forces this side of Quebec are nearly all annihilated. A spirit of patriotism and courage is aroused in the French population. * * * It is said there is scarcely a royalist in the whole French population. The women are engaged in making ball cartridges, and are as enthusiastic as their husbands and brothers. Many of them in advance of the British forces, threw into the river all their furniture and provisions that they could not carry, and set fire to and abandoned their houses, rather than that they should fall into the hands of the enemy."

"An express has arrived requesting that the steamboats be sent to St. Johns immediately. The inhabitants were leaving Montreal, and the banks of that place and Quebec were forwarding their specie to the States."

Comm'dt Brown says in his letter—"the troops are flying in all directions—the patriots in hot pursuit. It is hardly possible that a single soldier shall return to Montreal."

Indians on the Frontiers.—Gov. Conway of Arkansas, in his Message to the Legislature, now in season, uses the following language in reference to the numerous Indian tribes, that have taken up their abodes in this new State.

"The national government, in opposition to our repeated remonstrances, has crowded upon the immediate border of our State, numerous tribes of warlike Indians, many of whom were brought in irons, and thus forced to become our unwelcome neighbors, with all their vengeful feelings aroused against the whites, from being conquered, chained, and driven from their homes and the graves of their ancestors. With a sparse population, and limited resources, we have undertaken the burthens of self-government, and we are weak in the number of our soldiery, and almost destitute of munitions of war.—Wise policy would seem to indicate that a people so exposed young, and helpless, should be on the alert with their applications to the proper source for means of protection and safety."

Winding up.—The Washington, D. C. Commercial Advertiser says, that the stockholders of the Union Bank of Georgetown have determined to wind up its affairs, and that the Cashier had given notice that 12 per cent of the capital would be paid to the stockholders on and after the 25th ult.

Manhattan Bank.—A new institution by this title is about going into operation at the village of Manhattan, at the mouth of the Maumee, Michigan. Daniel Chase, President; H. D. Ward, Cashier. The Advertiser of that place says that the character of the officers and other gentlemen connected with the Bank is a guaranty that the institution will be among the safest and soundest in the State.

Married,

On Saturday last, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. John P. Conner to Miss Mary Welsh.

On Monday, by the same, Solomon Brace of L. I. to Miss Harriet Hill of this city.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Dr. Brownlee, William C. Post, jr. to Miss Margaret, daughter of John C. Morrison.

Same day, by Rev. Dr. Cuming, William D. Mangam to Miss Susan G. Bloom.

At Delhi, N. Y. on Wednesday last, by Rev. E. K. Maxwell, Hiram Dennis, of the firm of Dennis & Yendes of Bovina Centre, to Miss Margaret Landon of the former place.

At Palmer, Michigan, Nov. 18, S. D. Dobbins of Erie, Pa. to Miss Charlotte Beebe, formerly of the same place.

Died,

On Monday, Susan, infant daughter of Charles K. Pindar, aged 15 months.

On Tuesday, Elizabeth, wife of Wm. H. Harned, aged 29.

On Wednesday, John H. Michaels, 18.

Also, Mary M. wife of James E. Holmes, 28.

Also, Mary S. daughter of Christopher R. Robert, 5.

Also, Harriet M. Wheeler, 17.

Also, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, 64.

Also, Sally F. wife of J. V. Wilson, 37.

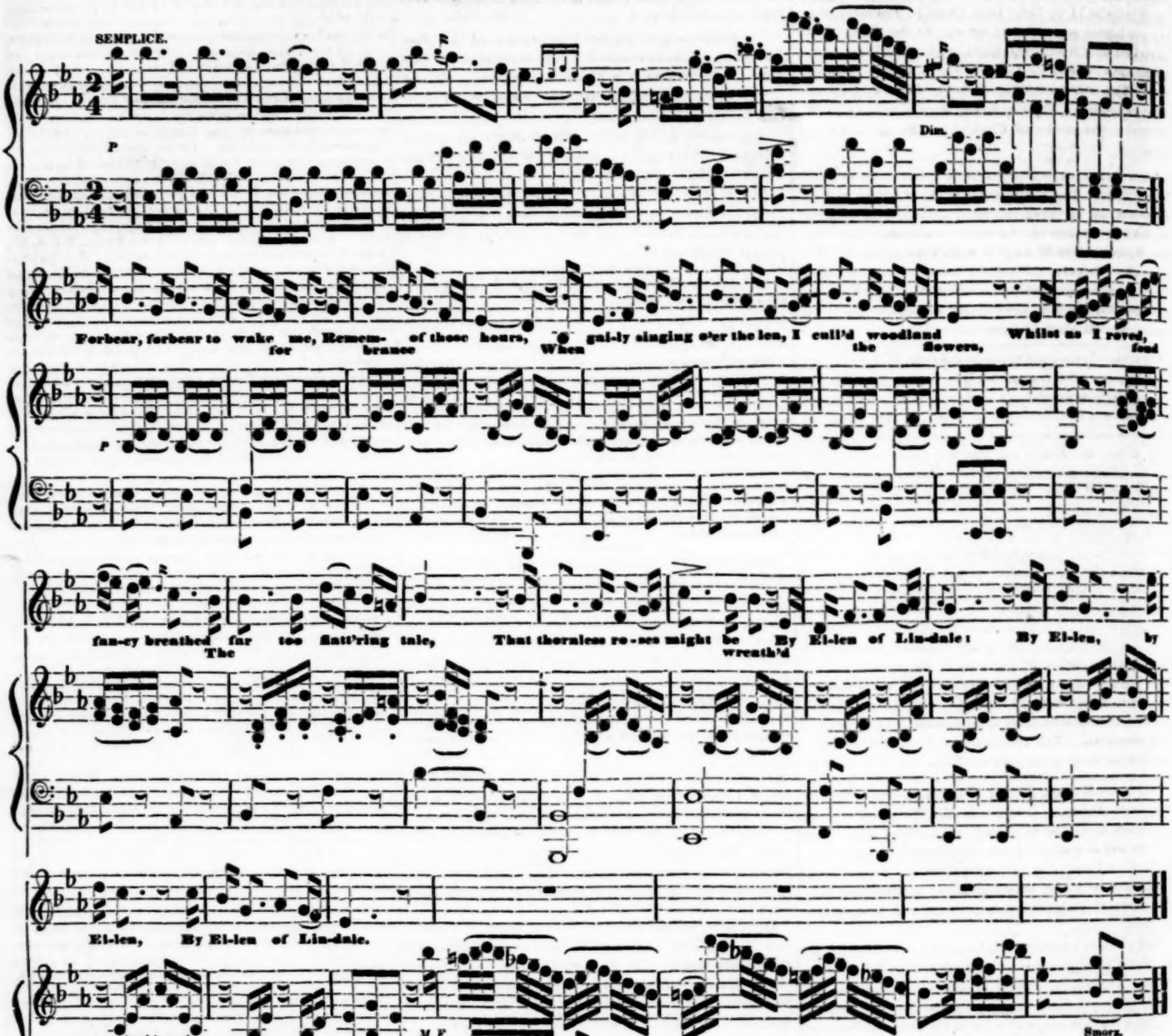
On Thursday, Mrs. Elizabeth Sammis, 56.

Also, Matthew V. Brown, 54.

At Little Falls, N.Y. on Monday last, Hon. Jas. O. Morse, of Cherry Valley, First Judge of Otsego County Court.

ELLEN OF LINDALE.

WRITTEN BY MRS. BUTTERWORTH: COMPOSED BY MRS. PHILIP MILLARD.



2.

For them affection blest the cot,
Beside the mountain's brow;
And mine, I thought, the happiest lot,
That fortune could bestow;
But clouds came o'er my sunny years,
And many an adverse gale
Has strew'd, alas! unnumber'd cares,
Round Ellen of Lindale.

3.

The hope did still my heart beguile
And cheer'd my hapless state;
That he was living yet, whose smile
Could soothe the frowns of fate!
But since that hope proved false as brief,
I've wander'd lone and pale;
While all, who love her, look with grief
On Ellen of Lindale.

For the New-Yorker.

SONNET—TO ——.

I know not why this curious world of ours
Appears so beautiful and young to-day,
Unless it be that Hope hath kissed the flowers
That grow along Life's ever-varying way,
And crushed its bitter thorns. My mind hath been
Out in the realms where Fancy's sunbeams spring,
And now returning dips its wearied wing
In the blue wave of Memory: once again
I roam across that sea upon whose breast
The stars of Life are mirrored well and true,
And think of those long lost but loved the best,
And mingle with my thoughts fond hopes for you!
And this is happiness: I ask no more—
The world ne'er looked so beautiful before.

Utica, Nov. 1837. GARVREDE.

THE NEW-YORKER—(QUARTO)—
Is published every Saturday evening at No. 127 Nassau-st. N. Y.
Terms.—Four Dollars per annum in advance. Any person sending Five Dollars without charge to the publishers shall receive the paper eighteen months; and three copies for one year, or one copy for three years, will be forwarded for Ten Dollars.

THE NEW-YORKER—(FOLIO)—
Is published every Saturday morning at No. 127 Nassau-st. N.Y.
Terms.—Three Dollars per annum in advance. Two copies will be sent for Five Dollars, or nine copies for $20 in advance.